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# GREECE

GREET'S YOU WARMLY



# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXIX Number 3097

4 JANUARY 1961

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Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

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## WHICHEVER WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

# 1961

gives you the same answer. And whichever way you read The TATLER, front to back or back to front, you're going to find 1961 a year to remember in the magazine that is already acknowledged as the glossiest two-shillingsworth in weekly journalism. Plans include more colour, more pages, surprises in fashion, decorating, and the arts, and continued development in social, travel and topical features. . . . And to indicate the 1961 approach that will animate each issue, this first issue of the New Year has Hector Bolitho latching on to the Thirties revival, first forecast, incidentally, in The Tatler's last Summer Fashion number. He writes nostalgically *I remember the Thirties* (page 15). It is plainly also going to be Africa's year, what with the Congo, Algeria, and the Rhodesian Federation. This month a less-publicized territory, Uganda, takes a constitutional stride towards independence, and on page 19 Harry Fieldhouse describes his impression there of *The Taste of Africa*. . . . Which brings us to an anniversary that looked like passing unnoticed until it was spotted in this office—even the nylon people hadn't got it in their diary. This week it clearly deserves to be on. . . .

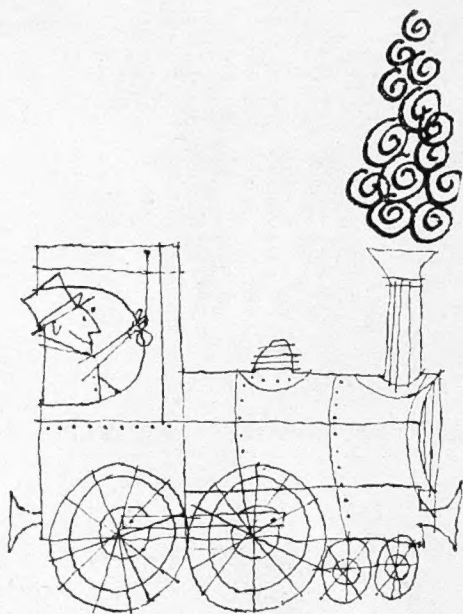
The cover:



It's 21 years since the first smuggled pairs of nylons reached the U.K., and in the same year British Nylon Spinners were founded. On page 26 the occasion is celebrated with a full fashion section on Nylon's 21st, and JOHN COLES's cover pattern hides a girl whose only non-nylon touch is the feathers embroidered on her Frank Usher ball dress of Bri-Nylon chiffon. There's white nylon chiffon underneath and a nylon taffeta petticoat. (On sale at Derry & Toms, London; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; Rackhams, Birmingham, 32 gns.)

Next week: Topolski's Coronation murals for Buckingham Palace. . . .





SIRIOL CLARRY

## GOING PLACES

### SOCIAL

**Lincolnshire County Ball**, today, at Lincoln.

**Organ Grinders' Ball**, today, at Chelsea Town Hall, in aid of Westminster School Quatercentenary Appeal. Tickets £1 10s., from Mrs. Francis Vallat (wes 4298).

**Pineapple Ball**, 5 January, at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys. Tickets £2 7s. 6d. from the Hon. Ball Secretary, 14 Napier Place, W.14 (wes 5309).

**Twelfth Night Ball**, 6 January, at the Dorchester. Tickets 5 gns. (double), from Lady Birdwood, 67a Camden High Street, N.W.1 (EUS 4167).

**Hunt Balls on 6 January**: the North Staffordshire, at Eccleshall Castle; the Pytchley, at Cottesbrooke Hall, Northampton.

**New Forest Spinners' Ball**, 6 January, at New Forest Hall, Brockenhurst, Hants.

**Friends of Putney Hospital Dance**, 10 January, at Hurlingham Club, in aid of Putney Hospital. Tickets 15s., from Mrs. A. M. Tudor, 12 Haslewell Road, S.W.15 (PUT 1472).

**Young People's Masked Ball**, 10 January, at the May Fair Hotel, in aid of the League of Pity. Tickets 2 gns., from Lady Muir Mackenzie, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

**The Pilgrims' Dinner**, 11 January, at the Savoy.

**Cinderella Ball** (for 11 to 16-year-olds), 14 January, at St. Michael's School Hall, Graham Street, S.W.1, in aid of the League of Pity. Tickets 15s., from Mrs. Derrick Farmiloe, Flat 2, 36 Queen's Gate, S.W.7 (KNI 7940).

### SPORT

**Race meetings**: Hurst Park, Liverpool, 4, 5; Haydock Park, Windsor, 6, 7; Leicester, 7, 9; Plumpton, 11.

**Rugby**: England v. South Africa, Twickenham, 7 January.

**Squash Rackets**: Amateur Championship, Royal Automobile Club,

6 to 16 January.

**Tennis**: Junior Covered Court Championships, Queen's Club, to 7 January.

**Motoring**: Exeter Trial, 6, 7 January.

### MUSICAL

**Covent Garden**: *Aida*, 5, 7, 10, 13 January, 7 p.m.; *La Bohème*, 6, 9,

Festival Ballet in *The Nutcracker*, 2.30 & 7.30 p.m., to 7 January; Colour films, *Madame Butterfly* (Italian), 4.30 p.m., *Don Quixote* (Russian), 7.30 p.m., 8 January; Pete Burman's Jazz Tête-à-Tête, 8.30 p.m., 12 January. (WAT 3191).

### ART

**Royal Academy Winter Exhibition**—The Age of Charles II—Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, to 26 February.

**The Whitney Collection**—Impressionist paintings lent by the U.S. Ambassador, Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, to 29 January.

**Bernard Leach**—Fifty Years a Potter—Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, S.W.1, to 4 February.

### EXHIBITIONS

**International Boat Show**, Earls Court, to 14 January.

**Schoolboys' Own Exhibition**, Olympia, to 7 January.

**Racing Car Show**, Royal Horticultural Society's Old & New Halls, Westminster, to 7 January.

**Camping & Outdoor Life Exhibition**, Olympia, to 14 January.

**Cook & Serve Exhibition**, by Poole Pottery, Tea Centre, Lower Regent Street, 13-28 January.

the informal trial . . . a genial audience may be entertained." Nigel Patrick, Charles Heslop, Maxine Audley, Eric Pohlmann. (Strand Theatre, TEM 2660.)

**Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be**. "... vivid picture of day-by-day life in the spier . . . a collection of thumbnail sketches of low life with the saving quality of authenticity . . . a play with a few good songs thrown in." Miriam Karlin, Maurice Kaufmann, Bryan Pringle. (Garriel Theatre, TEM 4601.)

### CINEMA

*From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 35.*

**La Dolce Vita**. "... Do not let me lead you to believe that this is anything but a major, and often quite magical, work. It is that I just don't find life and people as hopeless and depressing as Signor Fellini makes them appear. The acting is quite superb." Marcello Mastroianni, Anita Ekberg, Lex Barker. (Columbia, REG 5414, & Curzon, GRO 3737.)

**THE HUNT IS UP** in *Emil & The Detectives at the Mermaid*, as *Emil* (John Bosc, centre) and his volunteer sleuths commandeer a taxi to give chase to the "man in the bowler hat." For more holiday shows see page 36



CRISPAN WOODGATE

20 January, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066).

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *Cinderella*, 7.30 p.m. tonight, 2.15 & 7.30 p.m. 7 January (final perf.); *Pineapple Poll*, *The Invitation*, *Sweeney Todd*, 7.30 p.m., 12 January; *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 2.15 & 7.30 p.m., 14 January.

**Sadler's Wells Opera**: *Cinderella* (Rossini) tonight; *Madame Butterfly*, 5, 7, 10 January; *Die Fledermaus*, 6 January, 7.30 p.m.; *Tannhäuser*, 11 January, 7 p.m. (TER 1672/3).

**Royal Festival Hall**: London's

### THEATRE

*From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 34.*

**The Tinker**. "... the authors make rather a nonsense of their theme. . . . But they succeed in creating a cheerful, even an exhilarating, evening." Edward Judd, Annette Crosbie, Ewan Hooper, Mark Heath. (Comedy Theatre, WHI 2578.)

**Settled Out Of Court**. "... pleasingly fantastic idea . . . flatness of the middle act is disappointing . . . the most amusing part is the setting of

### Saturday Night & Sunday Morning.

"... honest and earthy . . . the central character has guts and an individual attitude to life. . . ." Albert Finney, Rachel Roberts, Shirley Anne Field. (Berkeley, MUS 8150.)

**The Alamo**. "... I have fought at the Alamo on several previous occasions . . . Splendidly spectacular—but I find all the carnage hard to take, especially as the outcome is a foregone conclusion." John Wayne, Richard Widmark, Laurence Harvey. (Astoria, GER 5385.)





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## GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland

LONDON GETS A NEW HOTEL TODAY with the opening in Sloane Street of the Hotel Corporation of America-owned Carlton Tower. At the moment its 17 floors make it London's highest hotel but this distinction is unlikely to survive long unchallenged—there's news for example that Savoy Hotel boss Hugh Wontner has negotiated a large site for another hotel in nearby Knightsbridge. The Carlton Tower makes swift work of its 17 floors, an express lift whirls you up to a breathtaking view over London from the top-floor suites at speeds touching 60 m.p.h. and soft music accompanies the 24-second trip.

One of my pet dislikes on my late-night rounds is the excruciating pot-pourri that passes for décor in so many luxury hotels and clubs. I hope that hotel owners, one and all, will hurry round to the Carlton Tower and take a long, cool look at English-born Harry End's interiors. Using traditional materials in a modern setting he achieves an effect of quiet luxury that will go a long way to reconciling those who can afford it to paying the £50 a day rate charged for the top suites (bachelors in back rooms can sneak in for as little as £5 a day). Top marks, too, for employing Feliks Topolski for downstairs murals and restaurant decoration and for getting young British artists to decorate the upper floors and bedrooms with originals of London scenes.

Reckoned to provide one of the top attractions of the hotel is the Rib Room which opens on to

Sloane Street. There finest English beef will be served cut thick à l'Americaine, i.e. with baked potato, sour cream and Yorkshire pud. The Rib Room which stays open only until 10 p.m. is under the care of Morisetti, late of the Caprice, whilst Calder from the Dorchester presides over the Chelsea Room which is the main restaurant of the hotel and stays open until midnight. It takes its name from the Topolski murals representing well-known Chelsea types as diverse as Lady Lewisham and Suna Portman. There is strictly no music, dancing or cabaret in either room. I had a quick look at a prospective menu for the restaurant. Striking feature is the number of new dishes which make a welcome change from the stereotyped menus that vary so little from restaurant to restaurant. Prices are in the expense account rather than the pop-in-for-a-snack-when-shopping bracket—and if you think you can pay your way by offering to wash up afterwards remember they have a little gadget in the kitchen that washes and sterilizes enough dishes to serve 5,000 meals a day.

The versatility of the Carlton Tower's amenities is reflected in a good many other departments of this 315-bedroom hotel. Notable is the electronic brain switchboard which (when the G.P.O. get around to catching up) will provide direct outward dial connection for each room, and an internal radio network that links top hotel executives with a control room via a small receiving

set concealed under the lapels of their immaculate suits. Head man who takes all these wonders in his stride is Antoine Dirsztay whom many readers will remember from the Westbury Hotel, which he opened for another American hotel group only a few years ago.

As a final note it seems almost

superfluous to add that all rooms are also equipped with bathrooms, television sets and radio on a lavish scale. Suites have a television set per room and I am still trying to work out how to make the best use of the three bathrooms provided in the suite for two at the top of the Tower.

## GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White



C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

**Veeraswamy's**, 99 Regent Street, W.1. (REG. 1401.) A curry can be—well, just a curry, or a blend of high-quality ingredients, research and the secrets of a craftsman in the kitchen. And that is what it is in this restaurant, for the power behind the scenes, former M.P. Sir William Steward, is constantly seeking new ideas, and often visits the East. Incidentally, this restaurant is more Eastern in its décor than many in India and Pakistan today, and the service is up to the prewar standard of the Byeulla Club. A 3-course dinner costs 15s. 6d., luncheon 13s. 6d., and don't miss the Indian sweets. *W.B.*

**Edlins, Brighton.** Permanent owner of part of my heart, Brighton is

winning back her prewar reputation as a town for worthwhile eating. Congratulations to Edlins for putting on recently a "Culinary Week for the Gourmet" in their Abinger House restaurant, one of the outstanding Regency houses in the town. The dishes, to which seven chefs contributed, included *Truite à la Crème des Alpes*, *Osso Buco Cremolata*, and *Ragout de Lievre au Vin Rouge*, *Spatzi au beurre*. Among the wines were a 1929 Montrachet (Pierre Ponnelle), a château bottled Haut Brion of the same year, and a 1937 Musigny.

### WINE NOTE

I have been asked whether it is possible to get Russian wines in Britain. The answer is "Yes," but they are a special taste. Mukuzani, the red, is not unlike a Valpolicella. Gurdzhani is the white, and Chelsea's Chez Luba restaurant has them in its cellars. The shipper is Joseph Travers & Sons, and they retail at about 7s. to 8s. per bottle. They can be bought at Kettner's Wine Shop, 13 Old Compton Street, Soho, which because of its layout is ideal for those who are beginning to learn about wine and are diffident about asking prices. Here the price is clearly marked on every bottle.

## BRIGGS by Graham







Net repairing at Puerto Soller and (below) beaches at Paguera bay



J. ALLAN CASH

**M**AJORCA is so gorgeous and so inexpensive that it gets a bigger summer quota of visitors than it can becomingly hold. Recently I wrote of the winter sunshine aspects centering around Palma and the hotels nearby. The resorts of which I now write come to life at Easter, long before the crowds get there. The weather holds good through October (when I acquired a spectacular tan last year) until early in November. The thin ends of the season are, in fact, the best time to enjoy it.

Paguera, on the south-west coast, has one of the nicest hotels: the Bahia. It is small and charming. An hibiscus hedge shelters its patio for outdoor dining, drinking and dancing. The ownership and cuisine are French. There are better beaches than those at Paguera, but for people who enjoy a choice of beach bar/restaurants, backed by a string of pleasant little shops and more bars, it fills the bill admirably. Nearby, Santa Ponsa is a casuarina-studded beach of soft, silvery sand. It has only a simple bar and a solitary communal changing room, and I wondered how it could possibly have been left thus unsullied in the tourist boom which has hit Majorca.

Puerto Soller is another resort which is frankly impossible in the

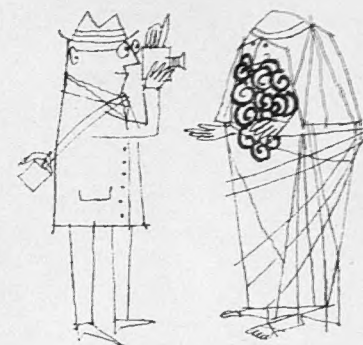
high season, but really agreeable out of it. A gay collection of beach hotels, cafés and the kind of bars where you pay a shilling for a champagne cocktail, line a deep inlet of a bay. From it, either by pedalau or motor boat, one can find some private rocks along the coast if the community life of the beach should overpower you. The Costa Brava Hotel, on the waterfront, is perhaps not the most luxurious but certainly the most amusing in the district. It has a quality of liveliness lacking in some of its more superior neighbours. The owner proprietress, Mrs. Harbord, has a talent for mixing her disparate guests together like so many eggs in a well-turned omelette. For £1 a day, one can have a room with bath and all food; spend the daylight hours in a swimsuit, the evening and what remains of the night drinking and dancing at the Sirocco, next door, finishing with breakfast at dawn in the Patio, next door but one. For the right convivial temperament, I commend it without reserve.

Formentor, on the northernmost tip of the island, is a resort centered entirely in the big Formentor Hotel and the villa community nearby. It has retained an air of discreet dignity and comfort, though—as a concession to heaven knows whom

—they are building a swimming pool alongside what is one of the most perfect beaches in all Europe. It has the advantages and the disadvantages of luxurious solitude.

Rather as Essex has remained, of all our Home Counties, the most inviolate to stockbrokers' Tudor and all that goes with it, so Cala Ratjada, on Majorca's east coast, is the last of the interesting fishing villages which has not yet evolved into a full scale resort. It is a good three hours' drive from Palma through flattish, windmill-studded country, and most of the residents are too far seduced by its pace of life to leave it. On the only road that leads to it, the rush-hour traffic at sundown—which indeed is almost impassable—consists of a procession of mule-drawn carts and wagons. The village itself is a rocky little clutch of white wistaria-covered houses, a tentative hand-craft shop or two, a charming bar called the Fonda, and a delightful hotel—the Miravista—which is simple in a highly sophisticated sort of way. Second choice (because the Miravista gets heavily booked) is the new, neighbouring El Tampico.

The great treasure is the nearby beach at Cala Figuera: one huge, voluptuous curve of platinum sand, backed by pinewoods and dunes. Like Formentor, both beach and



## GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

### Plan for Easter in Majorca

ocean are of Caribbean standard, with the added exoticism of finely-powdered coral, washed up into a rosy blush at the water's edge. This particular patch of paradise is unlikely to get spoiled because, happily, it belongs to a Spanish millionaire who won't sell.

So much for some of the places at which to stay. The most beautiful part of the island to see is the south-western triangle, with a newly completed coast road linking Puerto Soller and Puerto Andraitx. It winds between slender contortions of olive trees set in soft, cocoa-coloured soil. Pine trees and precipices drop sheer into a copper-blue sea. Deya, on the coast, is a writers' and artists' community where there is no hotel to speak of, so if you are lucky enough to have friends there, take advantage of them. Only, to my knowledge, at Bañalbufar, in the middle of this loveliest bit of coast, is there anywhere to stay, and that is a small but excellent hotel-pension, the Marivent. One must walk down between the olive groves to the rocky beach—no car can get at it—but, of its kind, it is perfect. And a luxury created by nature, not man, is a glorious fresh waterfall which tumbles down from the rocks above.

B.E.A.'s tourist flight to Palma up to 31 March is about £47 return.



# Monte Carlo



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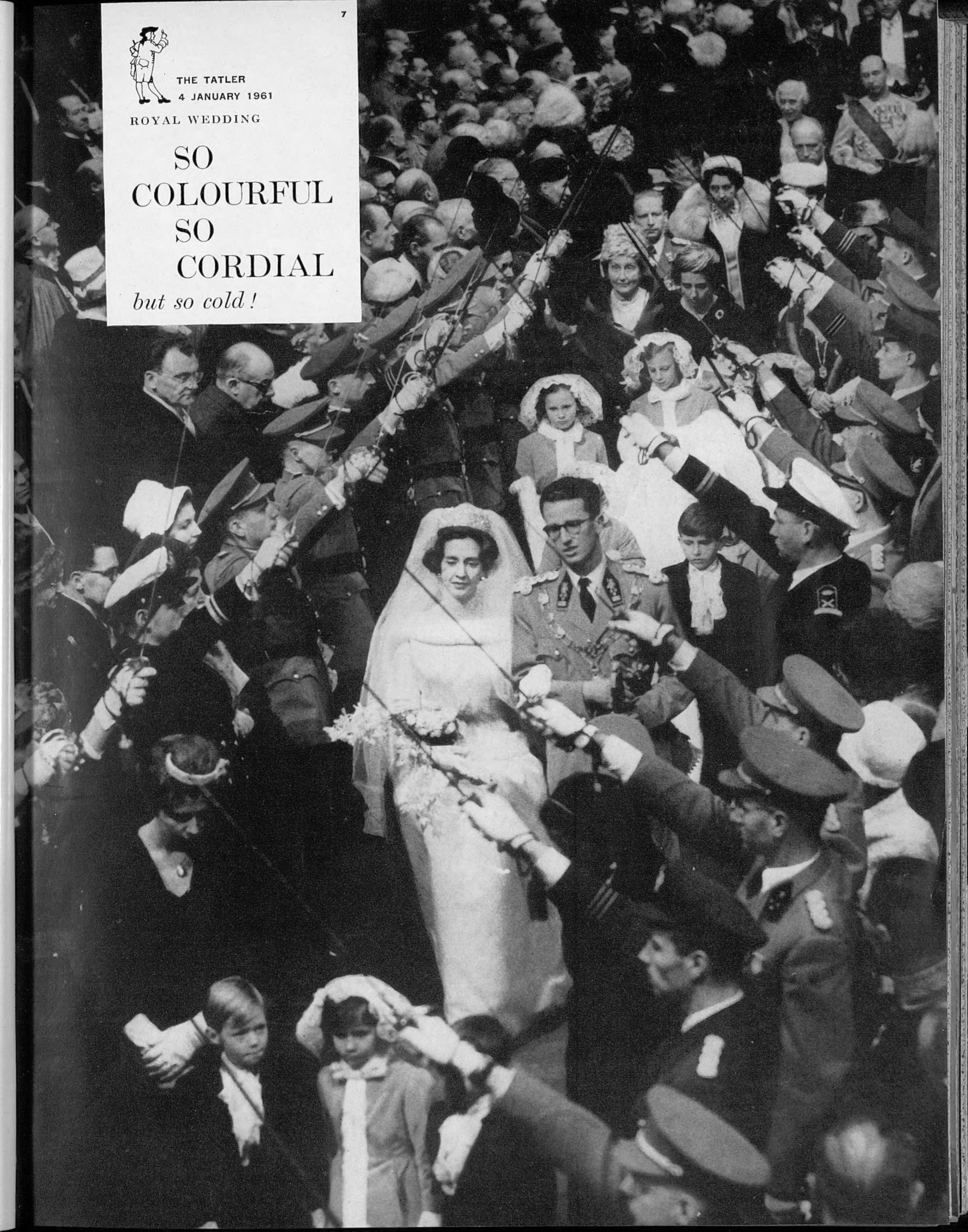


THE TATLER  
4 JANUARY 1961

ROYAL WEDDING

SO  
COLOURFUL  
SO  
CORDIAL

*but so cold!*





ROYAL WEDDING *continued*

*Troopers in busbies outside the Royal Palace contributed to the unexpectedly rich pageantry*



DESMOND O'NEILL

SUCH a nice wedding, but such a cold one! **Queen Fabiola** took to her bed with a chill and sore throat on the second day of her Spanish honeymoon. A Spanish duke caught pneumonia. One of the Dutch princesses went home with a heavy cold. And I've been laid up myself with a stiff shoulder after perching on draughty scaffolding. Final casualty: photographer **Desmond O'Neill**, who came back with bronchitis for Christmas.

But the cold of the church was balanced by the warmth of affection between the royal couple. The happiness of **King Baudouin** was inescapable. Supposed to be reserved or over-serious he was constantly turning to smile at his wife during the ceremonies, and on the Palace

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS  
ON HER BRUSSELS TRIP

*All through their appearances together, the King charmed onlookers with his repeated attentions to his bride. At the opera the night before (below, left) he leant close to speak to her. At the civil ceremony (middle) he hovered to take the pen from her. On the balcony, he put an arm round her between waves. And outside the church (opposite) he held her bouquet for her to let her acknowledge the crowd's cheers with both hands*



balcony he kissed and hugged her, as though unconscious of the crowds below.

The bride smiled too, and delighted watchers with the "boxer's wave" she gave the crowd when she came out of the church, her hands clasped above her head. Her white dress (by the Spanish-born Balenciaga) was trimmed with white mink. On her head she wore the favourite diamond diadem of the late Queen Astrid. It was a wise choice in the circumstances to wear this instead of the more ornate crown received as a wedding gift from General & Señora Franco.

A civil ceremony at the Palace preceded the religious one, and under the great chandeliers of the Throne Room were gathered six kings and

ex-kings, four queens and 46 princes and princesses. **King Olav of Norway**, **Queen Juliana of the Netherlands**, and the **Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg** brought the number of reigning monarchs to four.

Guests arrived in twos according to protocol. **Prince Bertil of Sweden** escorted **Princess Margaret**. **Princess Elisabeth of Hesse** arrived on the arm of **Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones**. He wore evening dress rather than morning coat, as is more customary at smart weddings on the Continent. **Princess Margaret**, who brought two hats, wore the small head-hugging one rather than the high one which had also been packed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10





*An echo of Princess Margaret's wedding were the television sets (below) placed in the church so that guests behind the columns could see the ceremony*



DESMOND O'NEILL



*Don Juan, Count of Barcelona, was host at a party at the Astoria Hotel*



*Don Juan Carlos, son of Don Juan, may one day be King of Spain*



*The Countess of Teba; she is the wife of the Duke of Alba's nephew*



*Senorita Figueroa Bourbon, whose cousin is the Spanish show jumper*





Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones with Prince Gholam Reza Pahlavi of Persia

Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard were among the Royal guests at the Palace Gala

for her, because of the gusty weather. Her apricot wild silk dress was by Hartnell. Most of the royal ladies got their dresses from Paris couturiers. Princess Alexander of Yugoslavia looked outstanding in olive-green velvet, with sable bolero, muff and toque. Princess Liliane (the king's stepmother) was in ruby red by Dior with a high sable hat.

Velvet was natural for the cold weather, but not the universal choice. The Marquésa de Santa Cruz, wife of the Spanish Ambassador in London, had a long dress and jacket of brown brocade, and a hat of gold flowers and veiling. Princess Georg of Denmark, the Queen Mother's niece, also chose brocade. Her long dress of coffee and pale gold was worn with a matching pillbox hat. The *haute couture* needed to shine

## ROYAL WEDDING

CONTINUED

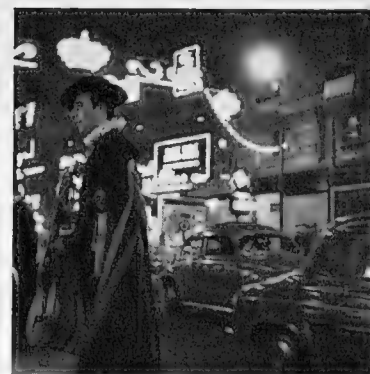
*Modern & medieval—a costumed Spaniard strolls amid the neon of a Brussels street*



to match the splendour of the uniforms worn by the men. I liked especially the Spaniard in blue with white satin cape and bells on his feathered hat.

There was a vast contingent from the former reigning houses of Europe, headed by King Michael of Roumania and King Simeon of Bulgaria. Their placing in the Collegiate Church of St. Gudule was deft. They arrived by a different door and knelt three steps higher than the official representatives of their People's Republics.

Interesting how marriage customs change from country to country. The King and Doña Fabiola walked up the aisle *together*. It was their own decision. In Belgium it's usual for a man to walk up the aisle with his *mother*. Also,



it was unusual to see both the civil and religious ceremonies taking place with the bride and groom seated.

Another national touch: the young Queen received a marriage booklet (such as is given to every Belgian bride) containing 25 pages of advice, including particulars of the marriage contract. The property of bride and groom is listed, and it states specifically what property is to be pooled after marriage. The last pages are set out for keeping records of up to 12 children (if there are more an additional page is set in). There are special squares for recording things like vaccinations, and inoculations.

What a day it was! The Pope sent his good wishes written in his own handwriting, there was a 100-gun salute, the military spectacle included escorts of mounted cavalry, a detachment at the Palace of officer cadets (some native Congolese), and paratroops. Several times while the King and his bride were at the church the paratroops formed into sections and ran up and down the road outside the Palace to keep warm.

The festivities started days before the wedding. There was a pre-wedding ball at the Palace, and a gala dinner given by the Belgian Government on the wedding eve—an affair for men and women to take the place of the stag party. The Spaniards, who filled Brussels with their uniforms, their guitars, and spontaneous gaiety, had several big parties. I went to one given by the Pretender, the Count of Barcelona, at the luxurious Hotel Astoria. The women guests did deep curtsies and their host, a jovial man, had a warm handshake for everybody including the press photographers.

But as big royal occasions go, there was still an air of austerity after the prolonged rejoicings we are used to in London. Obviously, events in the Congo have been a factor. And the Belgian royal family has had troubles in recent years, which nobody expects Queen Fabiola to clear up as another Queen Astrid could. Even so, there are hopes that the warm-hearted Spanish girl will bridge the gap between Palace and people.

There are some in Brussels who hope that she will be a devoted patron of the arts, a rôle which has been handsomely filled for so long by Queen Elisabeth, the King's friendly but formidable 84-year-old grandmother. Already there is one sidetrack of the arts where the young Queen enjoys the highest favour. The jukebox makers have the tune *Fabiola* listed among their "all-time favourites." It could be a pointer.

DESMOND O'NEILL



Don Alphonso de Bourbon, nephew of Spain's Pretender

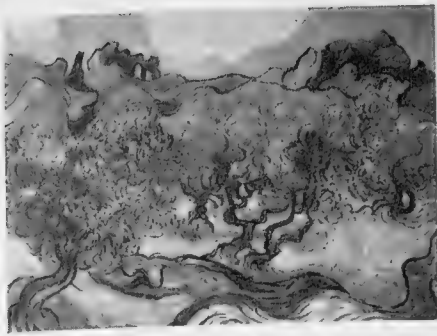


Countess Marone with Senorita Mercedes Mila, head of the nursing corps in which Queen Fabiola served



Viscount de Priego, from the Spanish Embassy in London, the Duchess of Sotomayor & Senorita A. Villalonga





From left:

Van Gogh's Les Oliviers

Zoffany's A Group of Sportsmen

Toulouse-Lautrec's Marcelle Lender dancing

## THE WHITNEY COLLECTION

From left:

Renoir's Le Bal au Moulin de la Galette

Picasso's Plante de Tomates

Derain's Charing Cross Bridge



*an exhibition at the Tate of paintings owned by the U.S. Ambassador*



Miss Orovida Pissarro with the painting by her grandfather, Camille Pissarro, of her Aunt Minette



Field-Marshal Lord Harding of Petherton sorts out catalogue numbers with Lady Harding

PHOTOGRAPHS :  
TOM HUSTLER



Mr. John Rewald, who advises Mr. Whitney on buying pictures, with Miss Katarina Wilczynski



Mrs. Rolf Thoresen and the Hon. Lady Waley-Cohen, wife of the Lord Mayor of London



The man who sees every exhibition, Rodin's Age of Bronze





*The altar window frames the manger scene. Miss Margery de Brissac produced pupils of her Garden House school in the Nativity and parents came to watch and sing*

# A MANGER IN ST. MICHAEL'S





*Cherub David Profumo is helped to change by his mother, wife of the War Minister*



*Parents Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Mavroleon came to watch with Mrs. R. Miesegeas*



*The donkey that carried the Virgin Mary on her way to Bethlehem is fondled by Robert Russell, Amanda Beadle and (behind) Elizabeth Beadle*



*The St. Michael's crèche distracts chorister Jane Talbot Willcox on her way with her mother, Mrs. Peter Talbot Willcox, to change for the play*



*Piers Dyer rehearsed as the Christ, but was ill on the day*



*One of the choristers in the Nativity: Elizabeth Povey*



*The Angel Gabriel, played by Garden House old girl Diana Harrison Stanton, inspects her costume in her mother's mirror*



*The innkeeper was acted by the Hon. Doune Ogilvy*



*One of the angels in the Adoration was Lynne Ross*

— for the Nativity play acted by children at the church in Chester Square





BY HECTOR BOLITHO

IT IS CURIOUS to read about the "names" of 30 years ago, all tidily arranged in the form of published history. But there is no escape: the books about the "fervent decade" are pouring forth, and those of us in our sixties feel suddenly ancient and remote. It seems so long ago since Don Bradman was 21, and Gandhi opened his campaign of Civil Disobedience; since Einstein gave his last lecture in London, and we were able to read the first volume of Mr. Auden's poems; since the Prince of Wales went to speak at the Albert Hall, guarded by police in "battle order" because a Communist demonstration was expected. He told his audience that he believed "the younger generation" would keep England "a bulwark for the cause of men."

Two of the books I have read lately remind me that I lived through this dream that ended in a savage nightmare. They are *Private History*, by Derek Patmore (Cape), and *The Thirties*, by Julian Symons (Cresset Press). Mr. Patmore has an index of about 420 names, from Gracie Ansell to W. B. Yeats, with all his own gay world dancing in between. (Mr. Symons has no index at all, for which his publisher should blush).

I lived on the edge of this social and intellectual maelstrom, but never really in it. George Bernard Shaw once said "*Good morning*" to me on his own doorstep, mistaking me for someone

## I REMEMBER THE THIRTIES

else. I dined once with John Middleton Murry, in such mental terror that I could not speak, and I spent an evening with D. H. Lawrence, who gave me cups of tea laced with whisky and told me that if I wished to write I should go away and live on £3 a week. The idea of a small room on the wrong side of the Thames, with a gas ring and Fowler's *Modern English Usage* beside the bed, did not attract me; I went instead to eat grouse at the Savoy. And on my first night in London I sat in the nice, shabby, old Café Royal while my companion whispered, "*That's Augustus John! And that's X—*". *They say he feeds his mistress on cabbage leaves to keep her pale.*"

One can go on like this for ages, snatching little episodes from a world to which one only half belonged. But Mr. Patmore did belong, and he contributed to it. He writes:

"I myself was just eighteen. Very tall and unnaturally thin, I had an El Greco kind of elegance, without being good-looking. My photographs of these years show a serious young face with expressive, but somewhat veiled and narrow eyes, a full, sensuous mouth, and long, well-shaped hands which portrayed the would-be artist."

Thus blessed, and splendidly confident, he was able to enter "a new social world, the High Bohemia of London—the world of the Bright Young People."

Then come the pearls, preserved so carefully on the string of his memory. We see Florence Mills, "with her brittle, bird-like grace," dancing the Charleston "at Oliver's party." We go to the ballet: Diaghilev is the genius of the lovely hour and "a hushed quiet would seize the audience." In the interval, "short, clipped phrases" would cut "the smoke-laden air like knives." Then, "It's divine. Too divine."

Sometimes, "a tall, immaculate figure with a weather-beaten, sardonic face would be leaning against the bar noting these new clichés: it would be Noel Coward [not yet using the diæresis] thinking up the dialogue of a new play."

Then Paul Robeson, before he descended from Olympus into the barbed wire of politics. Mr. Patmore assures us: "I have seen fashionable English beauties literally throw themselves at his feet." (I wish Mr. Ronald Searle would draw this for me.) And he remembers when "The writer [*sic*] Lytton Strachey" came to a party dressed as an admiral, and Tallulah Bankhead "leaned on a sideboard and caused all the food . . . to cascade all over the floor."

What fun it all seems, this spell of gaiety between wars; this dry Martini on the mortuary steps. The Germans have a word for it—*Galgenhumor*—laughter at the gallows.

We talk glibly of "the twenties" and "the thirties" as if decades are divided like compartments on a train. We impose on them an "artificial historian's neatness" that was not there at the time. The truth is that there were many

"thirties," apart from the Bright Young People. There were also the wishful-thinking politicians, such as James Maxton and George Lansbury—quite deaf to Hitler yelling on the wireless; the intellectuals, such as W. H. Auden, Christopher Isherwood and Stephen Spender, who tried to match their pens with the bludgeons of the Fascist enemies in Spain and Abyssinia; and the hunger-marchers, from Jarrow and other "depressed areas," who cared neither for politicians nor poets. It is with the intellectuals that Julian Symons is concerned, for he is one of them.

"Intellectual" is, of course, a 12-letter word, and rather ambiguous. I feel that I would have got on quite well with Leonardo da Vinci, or Goethe, and other giants of old, who were aloof from the political storms of their time. Nor was I intimidated by later scholars like Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Dr. Montague James, Provost of Eton.

I once dined with Sir Arthur at Cambridge, in company with another splendid scholar, who said, at the end of the evening, "*You go away tomorrow?*" "Q" answered, "*Yes, to Bury St. Edmunds.*" Then he added, "*But not to praise them.*" The wise men of his generation were not afraid to imperil their reputation for seriousness.

But the intellectuals of the thirties bent their talent to suit their political zeal, and could not relax into harmless fun. They were therefore intimidating. The idea of meeting George Orwell or Arthur Koestler would have alarmed me into the silence I endured with John Middleton Murry and D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Symons gives the reason. He writes: "It seems to me still that to laugh at your own beliefs is the mark of a mind not broad but shallow. . . . Those who feel deeply, who believe intensely, have never been prepared to laugh about their beliefs and feelings."

So what of the thirties? The intellectuals, though they produced some good poets, wasted their ardour on the converted and failed as evangelists. The Bright Young People—a few of whom are still dancing valiantly on their arthritic toes—only really entertained each other. The error of both groups, in their time, was that they were not able to laugh at themselves. For some strange reason—perhaps born of the first world war—they lacked this essentially English virtue.

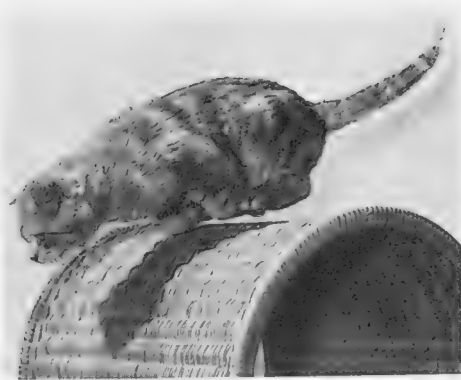
I am still alien enough, after 35 years in England, to delight in this virtue and enjoy its return. I talked about it a few days ago with an Italian architect, now working in Mexico. He was a bit of a Communist in a youthful way and he had been here only a week. He said, "I am astonished. It is something I never expected to find. The English, the moment you meet them, criticize themselves, and, as you say, poke fun at themselves."

Perhaps there is hope for the sixties after all.





*Did you ever see a cat like this? It . . .*



*leapsthrough rings and over baskets*



*. . . It climbs a ladder and even*

# 9 THE LIVES OF A HOLLYWOOD CAT



*. . . dives. Now it's a jockey, and then*



*. . . it's just a purry friendly cat . . .*



*Why, look, it gets cross to order . . .*



*What is the name of this remarkable cat?*

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



*Fraud unmasked! This ninth picture reveals that Rhubarb is not a cat but a multi-cat. There are 30 Rhubarbs, each with one trick apiece. And they don't even look alike—some are grey-striped, others yellow-striped. But they all come out looking the same on TV or the cinema screen, and that's what trainer Frank Inn of California has been keeping them for these last nine years and (the last time he counted) 250 movies*





## LAST YEAR'S



The hostess who can take courage, give a different party, and keep it going with a swing for seven hours or so is as rare as those diminishing blocks of gold at Fort Knox. That's why Mrs. Mervyn Cunliffe-Fraser's dinner-dance for her daughter Valerie at the Hyde Park Hotel was such fun. It was a Christmas party with a steel band playing carols (as they were the *first* we'd heard since the year before they didn't sound tired!) and Santa Claus, complete with sack of gifts, looking in after dinner. In the ballroom Christmas decorations at either side of the mirrors, gave glitter in depth, and there was a single red-shaded candle on each table.

One of the thoughtful things about this dance was the way the hostess tipped off the waiters in advance about her guests' favourite drinks. If it was whisky & soda or just bitter lemon you got it—without asking. Few hostesses, I find, realize that not everybody likes champagne. "When Mrs. Cunliffe-Fraser entertains I wouldn't be at all surprised to find my favourite pills put in front of me at the table—she thinks of *everything*," Mr. Malcolm Vaughan, there with Mrs. Vaughan, told me.

It was a *dinner-dance*, and instead of the girls and their young men drifting in at any old time they turned up smartly at 8 p.m. I met Miss Elfrida Eden, niece of Sir Anthony (who told me that she was opening in pantomime at Hornchurch on Boxing Day), Mr. Nicholas Ansell, son of Col. "Mike" of show-jumping

fame, Miss Anne Cameron of Lochiel, and Mr. David Trimble. Others there were: Miss Bronwen Lort-Phillips (Miss Cunliffe-Fraser is now staying at the Lort-Phillips family chalet at Klosters), Miss June Marsham-Townshend, Princess de Chimay, and the Hon. Sarah Wills.

There was a "Parents' Bar," opening off to the ballroom, which was thoughtful too as it was possible to see the excitement without having to keep pace with it. Here, in the early hours, I met Mr. & Mrs. Tom Dearbergh, the Countess of Verulam, Col. J. E. & Lady Anne Palmer, Mrs. W. N. Cunliffe, and Sir Dennis & the Hon. Lady Stucley.

This was a Christmas party, but not the end of the *débutante* parties. A couple of days later Lady Anderson, wife of Sir Donald who heads the P. & O. shipping giant, and Mrs. Cyril Kleinwort gave a dance at Claridge's for their daughters, Lindsay Anderson and Susanna Kleinwort. Family friends dropped their Christmas packaging and entertained young friends of Lindsay and Susanna at a number of pre-dance dinner parties (*pictures overleaf*).

The Earl of Inchcape, who has one of the most attractive of town houses in Regent's Park, was a dinner-party host; so was that indefatigable party-goer, Sir Rhys Llewellyn. Hostesses who entertained the young included: Lady Norrie, Mrs. Stuart Don, Mrs. Kenneth Mackinnon, Lady Ismay, and the Hon. Lady Stockdale, last year's Lady Mayoress.

MURIEL BOWEN

## LAST DANCES

1 *The Christmas tree was one of many decorative touches at Mr. & Mrs. Mervyn Cunliffe-Fraser's dance at the Hyde Park. With them (left), their daughter, Valerie*



Miss Sarah Friedberger and Count Zygmunt Zamoyiski



Mr. Eddie Dawson sitting out with Miss Deirdre Senior

Mrs. Struan Robertson, who has a deb daughter herself, and Lt.-Col. G. S. Incedon-Webber



Mr. David Luscombe with Miss Melanie Lowson



PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSTLER



## LAST YEAR'S LAST DANCES

2. Christmas trees, too, at Claridge's where Lady Anderson & Mrs. Cyril Kleinwort gave a dance for their daughters, Lindsay & Susanna



Mr. & Mrs. Cyril Kleinwort and their daughter Susanna welcome their recently-married eldest daughter and her husband, Mr. & Mrs. David Acland



Sir Donald & Lady Anderson, with their daughter Lindsay, who shared the party with Susanna Kleinwort. Muriel Bowen writes on page 17



Mr. M. Goedhuis and Lady Frances Eliot



Miss Caroline Coles and Mr. Nigel Cartwright



Soft lighting augmented by candles on the bar gave dramatic effect to the sparkling silver Christmas trees in an ante-room

Miss Victoria Harman, who had the last cocktail party of the year last week, and Mr. Joe Godman

Miss Joanna Hare, younger daughter of the Hon. John Hare, Minister of Labour, with Mr. Jan Bailey

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWABBE





# THE TASTE OF AFRICA



Only a night's flight away by jet, Uganda has joined the winter-holiday business with a chain of new hotels and unrivalled facilities for seeing big game. Its unique equatorial blend of the wilds and Wimbledon is described by HARRY FIELDHOUSE, who also took the pictures

ONE morning earlier this year a police constable was cycling along a quiet road in western Uganda. He was on his way to court to give evidence in a speeding case. He never arrived. He was knocked off his bicycle by a lion, which leapt out of the undergrowth and ate him. The case was dismissed.

I suppose this story could be taken to show what a strange land this is where a policeman can be eaten by a lion, but to my mind it is the essential, and growing, similarity of life everywhere that is illustrated. First, the policeman—a

universal official of our times. His bicycle—a worldwide vehicle. His mission—to attend one of those interminable rigmaroles with which Anglo-Saxon justice has surrounded the most trivial departures from the legal code in every continent. And then the charge itself—*speeding*, imagine it, in a country where you can drive for miles without overtaking another vehicle, and where even the dirt roads are sound and straight! Yet the general obsession for creating offences has reached into the centre of Africa and clamped a speed limit of 50 miles an hour on the remotest wilds.

What is there then in the entire unhappy incident that could not have happened in, say, Berkshire? Except, of course, for the lion, which anyway is a hazard just as rare on a Uganda highway as a bolting horse in a Berkshire lane.

I kept asking myself this sort of question all the time I was in this African heartland. It started on encountering Shanks (an even more persistent traveller than his namesake's pony) in the hotel bathroom. Later, in remote Mbale, the counter was of inlaid Formica and the light fitting plainly Heal's. Then came the precarious moment, so well known to all electric shavers away from home, when the need came to plug in—and there, straightaway, was the socket, a special razor model at that (which is one up on most of the provincial English hotels I have stayed in). Back in Kampala there seemed to be something familiar about the bus-stop signs, and then when a big green double-decker came along I knew what it was: Maidstone & District.

You couldn't honestly say that there was anything much English about Kampala itself, but the town still had a universal character—with its rows of Indian shops and its English traffic lights you could easily imagine yourself in Kuala Lumpur or Gibraltar. Actually, the most striking thing about Kampala, which is Uganda's capital, was its magnificent new buildings. Dotted about it are flights of architectural imagination such as you could not find in the whole length and breadth of the City of London—and are not likely to even when the City Fathers of perhaps 1980 finally get around to filling in the bombed spaces near St. Paul's. There is a new Legislative Council in Kampala (Mr. Macleod opened it last September) that is as elegant a piece of official artistry as I ever expect to see.

None of which may sound much like Africa, but then Uganda isn't, and from what I can make out I doubt if anywhere else in Africa is either. Where, for a start, was the jungle? As I drove from the airport at Entebbe, where every day of the week a Comet, a Britannia or a Viscount leaves for London or Johannesburg, a spot was pointed out that Tarzan film fans might recognize. But before the movie men could use it they had to rig up lianas, fetched from distant parts, to make it look more jungly—and, of course, provide Tarzan with something to swing from. The truth is that the common idea of jungle does not belong to Africa at all. It belongs to India and south-east Asia. Far from consisting of deep, dark, thick forests with

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



*A wild elephant ambles away from the noise of a visitor's car in the Murchison Falls Park. Snapping him is within the scope of any amateur's camera. This one was a Vito-BL with f2.8 lens, supplied by Wallace Heaton Ltd.*



# THE TASTE OF AFRICA

continued



snakes underfoot and the glint of feline eyes in the branches overhead, tropical Africa is largely a country of bush and plains. It must have been exceptionally easy territory for Livingstone and his like to explore—indeed, the Arabs had for centuries thought nothing of trudging into the remotest parts to round up slaves. Today in the great national parks where elephant and lion and other prized game live their protected lives, the wardens needn't bother to keep to the roads. The ground from which the elephant grass sprouts is so flat and hard that they can drive their Land-Rovers across it with fewer bumps than you'd expect on an English farm track.

Now, about those animals. There is a notion, derived perhaps from some well-meant Sunday serials, that many of the great species we admire in the zoos are on the verge of extinction. Before I went to Africa I never looked at an elephant without a vague feeling that here was one fewer to keep the race alive. I am now confident that the number of elephant I have seen in a few days easily exceeds all the cows, pigs, sheep and other farmyard beasts I have seen in my whole life. Uganda is (if the phrase is not absurd) lousy with elephant. In the Murchison Falls Park alone there are at least 12,000. You can stand there and take in a panorama of hundreds of square miles, and wherever you look there are clusters of wild elephants. At Paraa Lodge, where visitors can stay and watch hippos in the Nile while breakfasting on porridge and kippers, the battle to plant flower beds has long since been conceded to the elephants. On nocturnal visits they playfully uproot or clumsily trample the day's gardening.

As for hippopotami, they are so profuse and so destructive of the river banks that hundreds have been shot by the wardens without making any observable difference in numbers. It might be thought that disposal of the carcases would be a problem, but local Africans relish the meat. Two dead hippos were lately sold to a Mr. Itewa of Bwambi, who sent a lorry to Queen Elizabeth Park to take them away for butchery. Unfortunately, the lorry got stuck in the mud under their weight and the meat went bad. His money was refunded.

Not that every species has such a firm grip on survival. Lions are sparse in parts, though plentiful elsewhere. Rhinoceroses take some finding too. They have been hunted for centuries for the aphrodisiac quality of their horn when powdered, another case of what Dr. Johnson called the triumph of hope over experience. But the advent of the tranquillizer dart, used successfully in the Kariba rescue operations, promises salvation. There was news while I was there of a plan to shift some of the rare white rhino (actually grey, just like the black rhino) into the Murchison Falls Park. And it seems possible that eventually, by judicious redistribution, the parks will be able to stock themselves with all the popular animals. The snag at present is that a dose that tranquillizes a warthog may merely enrage a rhino—and the same dose does not always work even among the same species.

Whether such preservation measures would continue if the British leave is another matter. The white hunter and his clients have made their contribution to reducing Africa's wild life but every bullet fired has been matched by an African spear or arrow. And only the vigilance of the game rangers restricts poaching, whether for ivory, skins or meat,

even in the protected parks. The African attitude may perhaps be inferred from a conversation with the game warden at Queen Elizabeth. He was asked by one of his Africans: "*What kind of elephants do you have in England?*" He said there were no elephants in England, to which the African replied incredulously: "*Then how do you eat meat?*"

For the time being, though, the parks teem with game, and you only have to drive through to see your fill. The parks stretch like an endless Whipsnade, with Dartmoor and the Yorkshire moors inside it, and all the zoos of the world emptied into it. Also, as in any zoo, the most numerous exhibits are those countless, confusing varieties of tedious deer and antelope, for which the only consolation is that without them there would not be any lions. But the excitement of first seeing wild animals in the wild is something outside zoo experience, and so is the remarkable launch trip up the White Nile to the Murchison Falls, with wild elephant and buffalo grazing in the water meadows, hippos by hundreds in the river, monkeys in the trees, crocodiles sunning on the banks—and all within easy camera range of any amateur.

Incidentally, it was by the falls that Ernest Hemingway's light plane crashed a few years ago when he was gathering material for a novel. He was widely reported as lost in the wilds and there were fears for his safety. A plane was dispatched to retrieve him. He was in fact a short launch trip away from Paraa Lodge, and had he crashed a bit later in the same year he could have caught the twice-daily service.

The great Falls, the Nile (which even so near its source is immensely larger than the Thames at Westminster) and the inland sea called Lake Victoria are the sort of spectacle that get into tourist brochures while remaining untypical of the country. What could give a falsier impression of England than, say, the Cheddar Gorge? Uganda is a beautiful country but, spectacles apart, nothing is more striking about it than its repeated tricks of reminiscence. Here were parts of Hampshire, there a section lifted from the foothills of the French Alps, elsewhere a large slice cut from Malaya. At times only the black faces in the roadside

*The approaching car disturbs the hippo in his wallow. At once he stirs, and (opposite) lumbers into a charge. The warden's car has dodged him, so he finally stomps off to a new wallow.*







*Compressed between walls of rock, the young Nile enters the Murchison Falls. Almost at once it spreads into a wide river (left)*

villages reminded that this was Africa. Particularly as Opels and Peugeots stood parked beside their owners' wattle huts or aluminium prefabs, and Coca-Cola and Pepsi were engaged in their worldwide hostilities with beckoning signs arrayed on alternate shop fronts.

But what is Uganda's own is the scale. Where England has a mile, Uganda has hundreds. The trees, true, are no bigger, the verdure no greener, and the heat not so much hotter (it allows Englishmen the chance, which some take, to wear exactly the same stuffy clothes that they wear back home), but there's so much more of it all. Acres uncountable of every type of terrain, and nearly all of it still uncultivated. You cannot help being awed by the immensity and the fertility of Africa.

Equally you cannot help being amazed that the African has so long existed in such poverty in the middle of it. And it is not as though it were just one kind of African that had slept. In Uganda there are more tribes than any visitor can be expected to remember, and the physical variations are appreciable. They live in a land where they have only to drop a seed to have a plant. Yet, on their own, not one of them has managed to even guess at the rudiments of agriculture, let alone domesticate anything but goats and cattle. Has the African never in all the centuries felt tempted to ride the abundant elephant or harness the zebra? People say that only Indian elephants can be trained and that zebras are unbreakable. Have they never seen zebras in a circus, and was not Jumbo, the most famous

circus elephant of all, an African? Not to mention the military elephants of Hannibal, the tanks of their day, which lumbered submissively through Spain, and across Italy.

There are no such feats to illuminate the African's history. He has sat out civilization, an idle savage in times gone by and a dim democrat in 1961. And so the great equatorial belt of Africa remains a world largely unmarked by men. For all its roads and its jaunty little towns, and its network of excellent new hotels and its smattering of factories, Uganda cannot look so different now from the land that excited Speke and later enchanted the young Churchill. The scratches that white men have made on its surface do not jar. They seem only to match with reminders of Western ways the reminders of Western places. Thus, the constant roadside scrapheaps (what do you do with worn-out cars in a land without a steel industry to melt them down?), the concrete of the Jinja dam (can that anaemic jet really be the Nile?), the patches of flowers that might have come from a Kent garden (carnations are a failure—they need a dormant season). Even the politics are a familiar story: sectional intransigence and public name-calling.

But running through it all is the hot, distinctive taste of Africa. You can soon see why suburban commuters who go out there to escape the rain and the routine often end up with a passion for the red earth that would do credit to a Provençal peasant. Any visitor can sense the spell. It began to get me.

**FOR VISITORS:**  
*Holidays by air to see Uganda's game now start at £218 for 14 days (Hogg Robinson & Capel-Cure). White Band Travel Service, and United Touring Co. of Africa fix car tours with itineraries to suit. B.O.A.C. and E.A. Airways operate regular air services. Consult East Africa Tourist Travel Association, Trafalgar Square*







### *For togetherness, with reservations . . .*

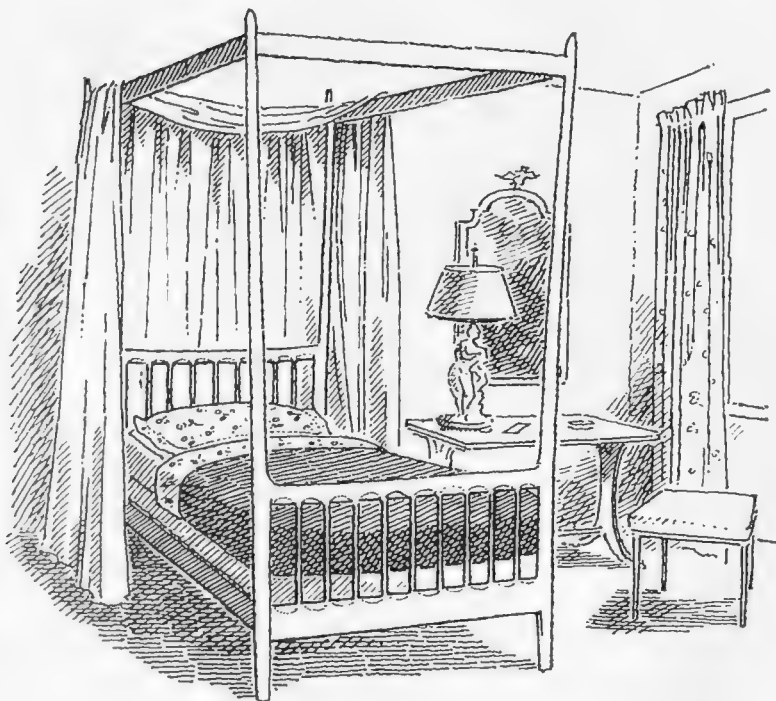
one headboard, two beds. The 6 ft. headboard is upholstered in white p.v.c., the beds swivel apart for easy making. From the G-Plan range, headboard and swivel bedstead cost £22. For mattresses, the Vitafoam (latex foam) ones yield to curves but also give gentle support. A 3 ft. wide, 7 in. deep reversible one called *Empress* costs £30, is

quilted both sides. Similar to the G-Plan idea, Vi-Spring's *Regal Supreme* divans can be separate or made into a double bed by zipping the mattresses together. On the same principle, husbands and wives with different ideas of comfort can have a hard and a soft mattress made to zip together (London Bedding Centre, Knightsbridge)

*Before rushing off to the white sales for a new set of sheets, wouldn't it be a good idea to give some thought to the beds? A new bed can freshen up an entire room and bring a whole new concept of decoration. Just because beds are things that last a long time people forget that they're changing all the time—humping anything from eight stone to 24 for eight hours a night is enough to make the most cherished bed feel its years. Besides, the new ones in the shops are getting better.*

## A fresh airing for

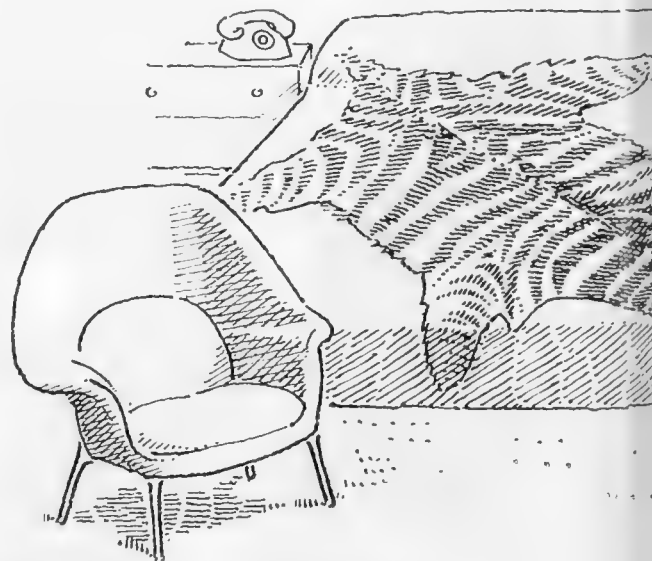
*The latest idea is wooden slats linked by rubber rings to a metal frame—springy but non-sagging. Beds are getting bigger too, and mattresses are becoming firmer (anything to do with all those slipped discs?). Quilting is driving the buttons off mattresses, and stripes are being ousted by flowers. As for sheets, Bri-Nylon continues to make gains from linen, and patterns (flowers, stripes or checks) continue to push plain white into the back of the linen cupboard*



### *For romantics . . .*

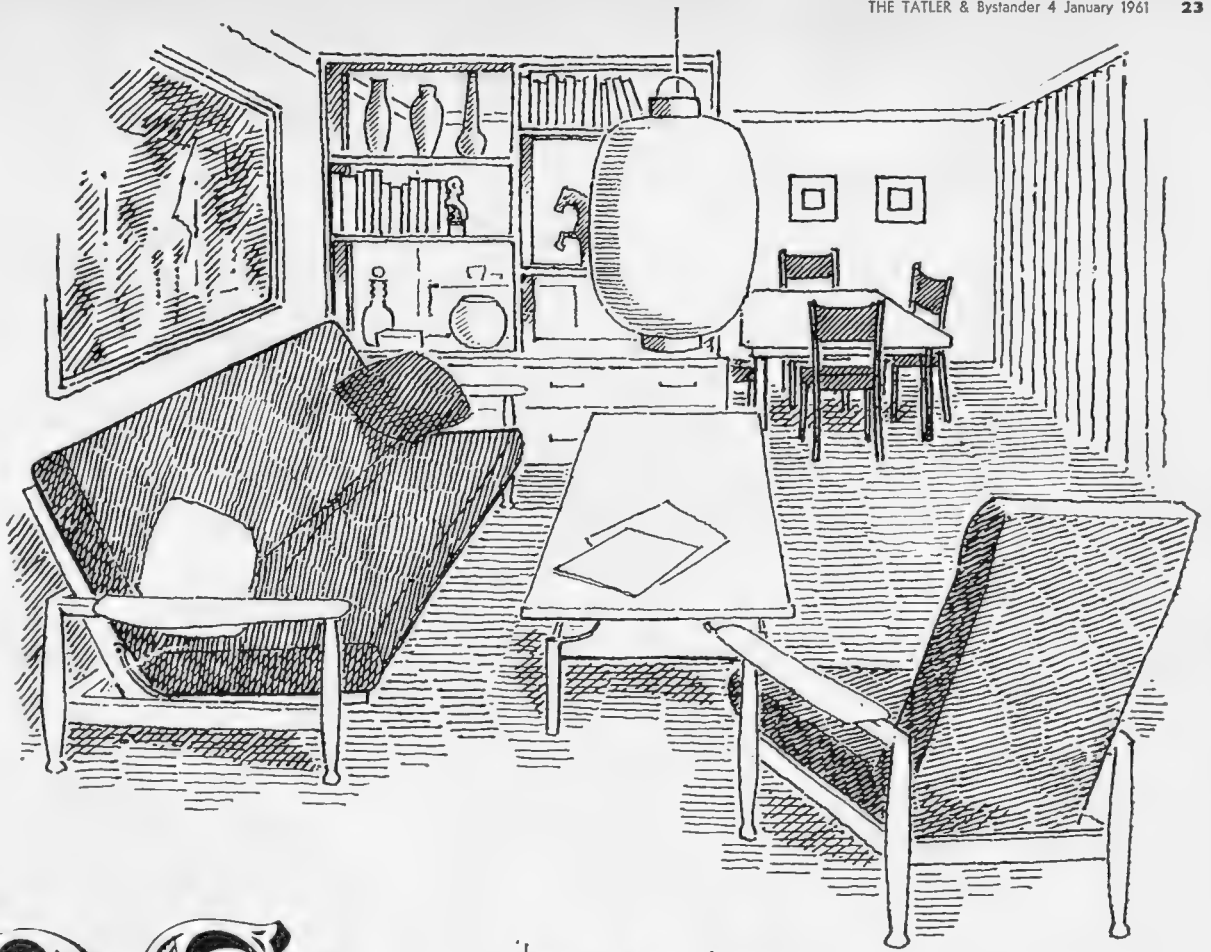
a fourposter (above) designed by Christopher Heal, in mahogany with a spring centre mattress and overall height of 5 ft. 10½ in. A 4 ft. one costs £87 15s. 6d. including base and mattress (Heals). Still in a romantic mood: rose bud sheets, in

combspun percale by Diana Cowpe-Cannon, or Fogarty's newest design in Bri-Nylon fitted sheets, *Oriental Rose*, in white with a deep top hem of small yellow rosebuds edged in lilac or grey with matching pillowcases (Army & Navy Stores, Victoria)



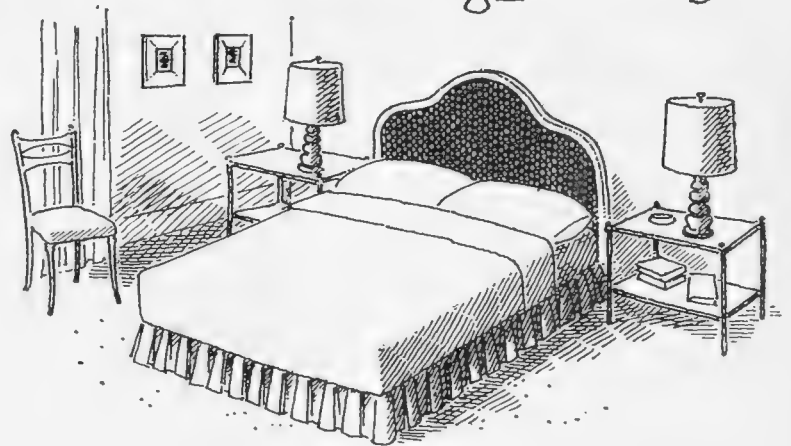
## For expansive hosts in a cramped flat . . .

a convertible sofa (right) from the *Manhattan* group by Guy Rogers Ltd. In oiled afrormosia or polished mahogany, it has a Polyfoam mattress and genuine hand-woven Harris tweed upholstery in six colours. Single settee costs about £50 14s., double one £61 19s. (depending on finish). The single model can have an alternative latex-foam mattress and has its own compartment for bedding. The *Manhattan* range also includes two chairs, a low back settee and a stool (Harrods, Heals and good stores)



# HEALS

CONDUCTED BY ILSE GRAY & ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON DAVIES



## For headboard fanciers . . .

a contemporary Italian equivalent to the French 18th-century gilt and cane bedheads. One similar to that illustrated (above), with a wooden frame, is imported by Heals, costing between £35 and £40 to order. Comfortable bed to go with it:

Vono's new *Diana* divan which has an inner spring mattress quilted in flowered damask with matching base (also available with white vynide and ebonized headboard). A 4 ft. 6 in. one costs £44 9s. 6d., sprung edge, or £35 9s. 6d., firm edge

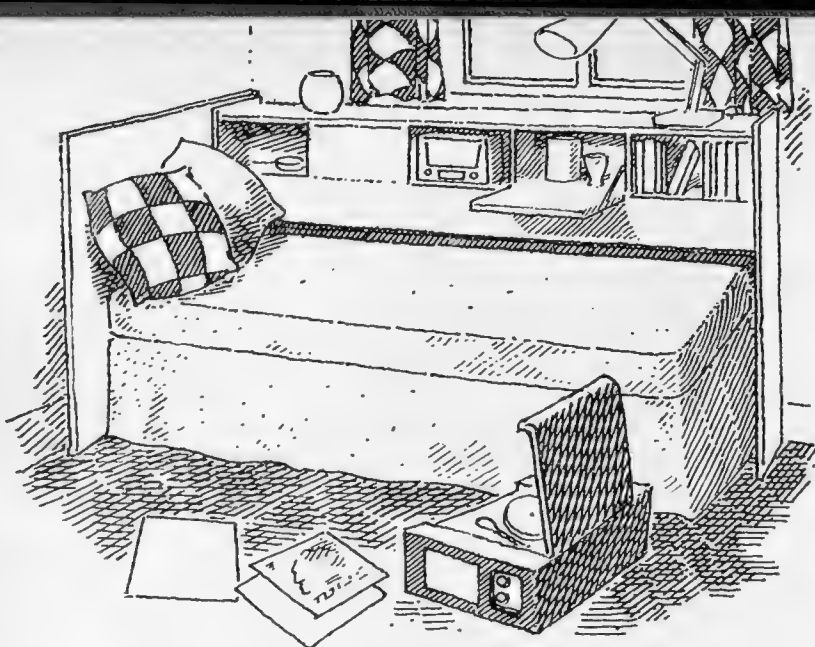
## For modern purists . . .

an 8 ft. wide divan (left) in an all-white bedroom (including the telephone). Heals make beds up to 8 ft. to order, price according to type and mattress. Linen sheets and pillowcases can be made to order by them, or Fogarty's can make Bri-Nylon or Bri-Lon ones.

Bedspreads would mostly have to be made to order too, but Elizabeth Eaton, 25a Basil Street, Knightsbridge, have white Victorian ones. If you don't care for the zebra, you could cover the divan with white Mongolian goat (Libertyshave three sizes: £8 15s., £18 10s. & £28 10s.)







## A fresh airing for BEDS *continued*

### *For the room-proud under-20 . . .*

the new Uniflex Studio Unit (left) turns a bedroom into a sitting-room without any shifting about. In walnut, aspen or mahogany, a 6 ft. 4 in. unit costs about £15 9s., headboard about £5 10s. (Uniflex, 102 New Bond Street). For no-fuss bed-making, the unit could be

partnered by a Sleepceezee Plymouth, an ottoman divan with a hinged lid and deep storage box for bedding. The mattress can be left on when opening and the hinge has a balanced spring action. A 2 ft. 6 in. divan and mattress cost from £25 10s. (London Bedding Centre.)

### *For the old-fashioned girl . . .*

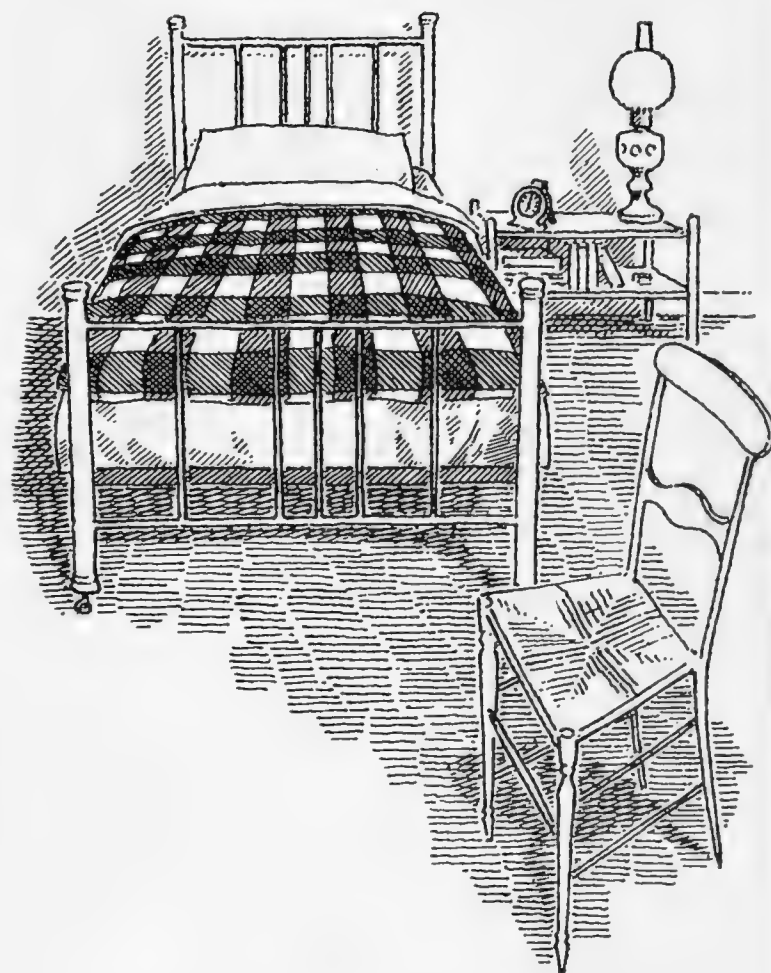
a brass bedstead (right) to brighten up the dullest room. A brass oil lamp and a brass clock help too. The *Fascination* bedstead by Evered is in lacquered brass and costs £19 5s. (Selfridges.) Pastel fitted sheets and pillowcase in Bri-nylon or Bri-lon (fleece nylon, beautifully warm in winter) by Raywarp, plus an American checked

quilted eiderdown (Heal's) complete the Victorian picture. The sheets come in lilac, pink, sky blue, peach, primrose, green or ivory. Alternatively, *Duro-Piesta* multi-colour stripe sheets and pillowcases by Burgess Ledward (John Barker) would look good with plain blankets and a white eiderdown (John Lewis's have one in washable Terylene)

### *For the modern nursery . . .*

a practical range of children's furniture (below) in white beech (and pink beech veneer) designed by a team of Finnish students under Ilmari Tapiovaara, and commissioned by Heals. Range includes divans with four drawers underneath, bookcase units, chests of drawers, worktops, stacking chairs and toy boxes. The divan can be 6 ft. 3 in. or 5 ft. 3 in. long

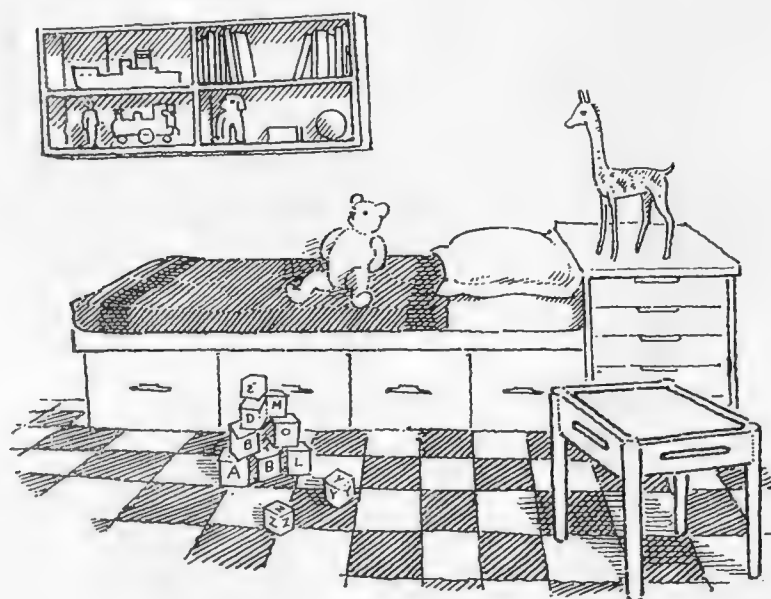
and has a plywood base. The drawers have small wooden castors. Divan (without mattress): £9 5s. or £10 10s. Drawers: 2 ft. 4 in. by 1 ft. 6 in., £4 15s. Most suitable mattress would be a Dunlopillo. The blanket illustrated is a Witney Point in red, blue or green, with a wide black stripe each end, thick and hardwearing enough to act as a tucked-in bedspread during the day



## WHITE SALES IN LONDON

**Army & Navy Stores:** until 14 January.\* **Bourne & Hollingsworth:** 6 February, fortnight. **Civil Service Stores:** 2 March, fortnight. **Derry & Toms, Barkers and Pontings:** until 14 January.\* **Fortnum & Mason:** 9 January, one week.\* **Givan's Irish Linen Stores:** until beginning of February. **Harvey Nichol's:** 6 March, fortnight. **Harrods:** 7 January, one week.\* **Heals,** until 7 January.\* **Peter Jones:** 6-18 February. **Libertys:** until 14 January.\* **John Lewis:** 6-18 February. **Marshall & Snelgrove:** mid-February. **Maples:** mid-March. **National Linen Co.:** until end of January. **Peter Robinson, Strand:** until mid-January.\* **Robinson & Cleaver:** 15 February, three weeks. **Thomas Wallis:** 6 February, fortnight. **Woollands:** until 14 January. **The White House:** until 14 January. **Whiteleys:** 11-25 February.

\* General sale.



## LORD KILBRACKEN

## Old Kilbracken's Almanack

Now that Christmas is safely past and there has been time to recover from New Year's Eve, I feel it may be helpful if I dust off my crystal ball, which is every bit as infallible as a racing tipster's form sheet, and put forth a few prophecies about 1961 as I foresee it.

It will be a year, I predict, of alarums and excursions. Not all the alarums will be false and not all the excursions will be to Blackpool. The international situation will continue very much as before. The H-bomb, or so I devoutly hope, will not yet go off. (If I'm wrong, there'll be no one left, anyway, to hold it against me.) If they clear up the mess in the Congo, a new one will at once develop in Venezuela or Goa. If the Cubans are pacified, the Samoans will be up in arms. The Test series, to be won by England, will lead to a general worsening of Commonwealth relations, but without bloodshed other than on the field of play.

President Kennedy will declare his complete faith in the national economy, but will be mainly occupied with the protection of the dollar. American exports of tungsten to the Balearics will be subsidized and Coca-Cola will be rationed on the Persian Gulf. G.I.s will be limited to a maximum of four girl-friends. A takeover bid for B.M.C. by General Motors will be vetoed by the White House and Lord Nuffield. Despite this, pressure on the dollar will continue and speculators will force the price of gold to \$100 an ounce. This will cause gold-mining shares to quintuple in value.

The winner of the Two Thousand Guineas will be made favourite for the Derby and will finish fourth; the winner will be Irish. Piggott will again be champion jockey, and Breasley again second. A novice will win the Cheltenham Gold Cup, and a rank outsider the Grand National. The Cup Final, between Spurs and Aston Villa, will be won by Villa, who will thus prevent the Spurs from carrying off the double.

Cambridge will once again win the Boat Race.

Mr. Macmillan will declare his complete faith in the national economy, but will do nothing whatever to assist it, until it's too late, beyond a further decrease in Bank Rate, in the very near future, which won't make any difference. Ministers will say repeatedly that there is no need whatever for easing credit restrictions, although sales of motor cars, TV sets and washing-machines will have fallen to 17 each per month, and although the recession in durable consumer goods will have spread to the steel industry.

The price of cattle will rise steadily for the next four months, reaching a peak in April, and will then fall steadily for the next four months, reaching a trough in August. (Although this happens almost every year, I *never* manage to buy in August and never have anything left to sell in April. Know what I mean?) It will rain most of the time from June till September—in Ireland, anyway—but there will be two weeks' sunshine the moment I decide to make all my grass into silage.

Mr. Khrushchev will declare his complete faith in the national economy, and will announce that the standard of living of the heroic working classes in Russia is now higher than it is likely to be in the States in 1971, in England in 1981, or in Ireland in 2001. He will, however, re-value the rouble, and secretly sell Russian gold on the black market in Switzerland to finance imports of second-hand TV sets from Mexico.

In France, President de Gaulle will either assume complete dictatorial powers, or be assassinated, or both. There will be sporadic outbursts of violence among the civilian population, involving *les flics*, but actual civil war may perhaps be avoided. Despite legislation to the contrary, Frenchmen will continue to imbibe very considerable quantities of wine.

Brendan Behan will go on and off the wagon

seven times. The Jones family, in the words of the song, will get a brand-new heir; he may be a joy heaven-sent, but he will *not* be christened Franklin D. Roosevelt.

President Kennedy, Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Khrushchev will each continue to assert that the maintenance of world peace is their one great desire, but will all continue to manufacture H-bombs until they have a big enough stockpile to blow up not only the Earth but the Moon as well. The Americans will send a rocket to Venus; the Russians will send a rocket to Mars. British rockets will be confined to Guy Fawkes' Day.

Dr. Castro, Prince Rainier and Sean Lemass will all declare their complete faith in the national economy.

In the world of *haute couture*, a new star will rise in the vicinity of the Place de la Concorde. It will have associations with Cuba and Ireland. The autumn/winter collections will be if anything rather crazier than the spring/summer collections. Leather will continue in fashion. Miss Bardot will appear on the beach of St. Tropez wearing a leather playsuit; Miss Sagan will appear on the beach at Cannes wearing leather shorts, leather shirt and leather stockings; Miss Mansfield will appear everywhere in an all-leather Cadillac.

There will be frequent news items about the Royal Family, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Henrietta Tiarks, the Duke of Bedford, Rubirosa, Billy Butlin and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

And that, I'm afraid, is all I have room for. Perhaps it's just as well; it is desirable, I think, to leave *some* surprises in the vital/exciting/boring/explosive/inflationary/deflationary months ahead. (*Delete those which do not apply.*) But I have one last prophecy, which I make with confidence: Any resolutions that survive until this time next year will be tiddlers compared with the ones that got away.



# NYLON'S 21ST

**N**ylon gets taken for granted these days, like a lot of other things that we've never had so good. It's the fate of anything that's been around a long time and in this synthetic day and age no teenager could imagine—since she has never experienced them—the trials of underclothing that had to be battered into submission with an iron, heavy opaque stockings, woollen swimsuits that took a day to dry and weighed a ton and evening dresses that could not be dunked in a bath of water with any prospect of emerging as much less than a wreck.

It takes a birthday—and more especially—a coming-of-age, to put these things into perspective. The birth of British Nylon Spinners took place on the first day of a bad year—1940—when nylons (*i.e.* stockings) were as rare as gold dust and about as valuable in the currency of the smugglers who funnelled the American product into Britain. Financial parents of the infant company were I.C.I. and Courtaulds and for the first five years English fashion benefited not at all. Every inch of nylon yarn produced was earmarked for parachutes, cordage or glider tow ropes. English women hearing reports of the wonderful potential of nylon for stockings and lingerie—and sometimes being lucky enough to get hold of a few American examples on the flourishing black market—got pretty impatient about the whole thing but they had to wait till 1946 before the first British nylon stockings reached the shops.

Nowadays two-thirds of the female population wear nylon stockings and never cease to grumble about them. The myth is perpetuated that the first stockings were better than today's product. "They used to last for ages; the things they sell now go the moment you look at them. Of course that's what the manufacturers want." Maybe the manufacturers do but the real point is that the first stockings were made of 45 denier yarn and in any case were treated with exaggerated care since you never knew when the next pair would be coming along. Today 80 per cent of women wear stockings of 15 denier yarn and that's three times as fine as human hair. Moreover they are expected to stand up to daily shopping, housework, gardening, taking the dogs out and hopping on a bus—when you can. There'll be an even bigger outcry when the 12 and even 8 denier nylons now going into production finally reach the market for they too are sure to be worn day in, day out, instead of only on the special occasions for which they are intended.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COLE

**THE FORMULA**—or at least its ingredients—seems reasonably simple. You use water, coal and air, commodities in ready supply. The result, however, is molecularly more sophisticated as in the end-product alongside—a white suit knitted in Bri-lon yarn. It will stay white for ever, wash and dry without a care and will never be attacked by moth. Susan Small made it and the price is about 16 gns. at Dickins & Jones, London, W.1; Rackhams, Birmingham; Kenneth Kemsley, Nottingham. Worn with the suit is Ascher's pure silk scarf in an arresting shade of burnt orange









Other popular fallacies about nylon include the myth that it is too tough a yarn to use for dainty things. Obviously nylon is strong—they wouldn't use it to make ropes with else—but the prejudice dates from the wartime practice of cutting up old parachutes to make undies when it was soon found that the tough fabric needed to support the strain of aerial descent was a pretty poor substitute for silk. That prejudice died hard and so did the one about the risk of fire. Scare stories gained ground that a nylon dress would flare the moment flame touched it. Truth here is that nylon melts under heat and there is no danger of a flare-up spreading to the rest of the garment.

Now that nylon has reached its majority, women have become a little wiser. They accept it not only for clothes but for furnishings. Their carpets, sheets, blankets, household brushes and curtains are often all made of nylon. It saves them time (no darning socks) and irritation with husbands (no wet sails, boat tackle, fishing nets hanging dripping for days in the garage.) Sheets too can be washed and dried at home in half a day, blankets don't get moth in them and chunky sports sweaters don't clutter up the drying cupboards for days. Nylon, the war baby, has survived its difficult infancy and its brash teen years; the confident twenties stretch ahead with the promise of new astonishments.

## NYLON'S

### 21ST

CONTINUED

THE SCOPE of nylon extends to articles as diverse as trawl nets and tooth brushes or, as opposite and right, ball dresses and swimsuits. The dress by Jean Allen is of blue spotted white nylon net with a boned and strapless bodice of swathed blue silk chiffon. This dress is also being made entirely in white with Queen Charlotte's Ball in mind. It costs 24 gns. from Cresta Silks, New Bond Street, W.1; Kenneth Kemsley, Nottingham; Bon Ton, Leicester. Helanca stretch nylon made from yarn spun with a special twisting process that gives it permanent elasticity has revolutionized swimwear. Suits made from it are feather-light, glove-fitting and quick-drying. This Caprice suit has a white cuffed bodice fitted with foam rubber cups to ensure perfect shape. Narrow white adjustable straps (not shown) can be worn optionally. It costs £7 17s. 6d. at Bradleys, Knightsbridge; Kendal Milne, Manchester; W. E. Warden, Solihull. Black rubber skull cap by Kleinerts matches the ruched black Helanca of the suit.





# NYLON'S 21ST

CONTINUED

THE VERSATILITY of nylon gives it the chance to score at winter sports. This reversible nylon anorak is proofed against wind and snow and can be worn over warm sweaters. One side is striped brown, yellow and black, the other is plain black. Attached hood, drawstring hem and knitted black storm cuffs make it completely weatherproof. It costs 10 gns. from Gordon Lowe Sports, Brompton Arcade, S.W.3. Gordon Lowe also have the yellow and black ski mitts, priced at £1 8s. 6d.

THE RESILIENCE of Ban-Lon (trade name for one of the excellent stretch nylon fabrics now on the market) means that it won't crush or lose its shape. It is used here by Holyrood for an easy slip-on dress in a grey and white floral design with a bloused elasticized waistline. It costs £7 10s. from Fontana Fabrics, Sloane Street, S.W.1; Evan Roberts, Cardiff; Affleck & Brown, Manchester. Otto Lucas hat of white straw, Debenham & Freebody, Mary Lee, at Tunbridge Wells



THE WARMTH of nylon fur fabric combined with its lightness and toughness makes it right for the snow slopes. It's water-repellent, too, and mothproof. This three-quarter coat of white Bri-lon fur fabric is made by Astraka and costs 16 gns. from Derry & Toms, W.8; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester. White ribbed wool sweater, Helanca and worsted mixture pale blue ski pants and white leather ski boots are all from Gordon Lowe and priced respectively 5 gns., 11 gns. and 13 gns.



THE CHARM of nylon is best expressed in lingerie and it's the fabric most used for modern undies. This negligée is of fine white nylon jersey and has a deep yoke of nylon lace threaded through with the palest possible pink nylon satin ribbon. The matching nightdress has a closely-fitted lace bodice with shoe-string shoulder straps and tiny pearl buttons as fastenings. They come from a large selection of nylon lingerie at Dickins & Jones. Nightdress £9 15s., negligée 12 gns.





# NYLON'S 21ST

CONCLUDED

THE PRICE of nylon means that a bride can afford magnificence on her wedding day. This dress costs 28½ gns. and is made by Frank Usher with panels of lace (also of nylon) forming an overskirt on the nylon net. From Derry & Toms, Kensington; Chanal, Leeds; Renée Meneely, Belfast. Headress can be made to order by Frank Usher. Below: The whole thing started with nylons (i.e. stockings) and here are some of the latest on sale. **Top row:** Charnos "Sturdies" tough wearing 60 denier stretch crêpe, 16s. 11d. Wolsey's barelook seamless skin-tone in 15 denier Pin-point Starmesh, 10s. 11d. Aristoc's Marlborough Mesh heavy duty 30 denier fully-fashioned, 10s. 11d. **Second Row:** Martyn Fisher's "Ayr" Helanca stretch-lace fully-fashioned, 14s. 11d. Plaza's seamfree 30 denier, 4s. 11d. Morley's "Majestic"—fully-fashioned 15 denier with venti-lace foot and dagger heel, 10s. 6d. **Third Row:** Lanvin-Castillo's fully fashioned, superfine 9 denier made under licence by Morley, 18s. 11d. Taylor Wood's Day Lifelon fully-fashioned 15 denier, 14s. 11d. **Fourth Row:** Taylor Wood's "Stretch Lifelon" fully-fashioned 15 denier, 19s. 11d. Rayne's Seamfree 15 denier, 10s. 6d. **Bottom Row:** Kayser Bondor's fully-fashioned 15 denier, 10s. 6d. contrasting with their original 30 denier stocking first sold on 2 December, 1946. All the stockings are from Harvey Nichols



ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM: PRISCILLA CONRAN

## COUNTER SPY

*invests in  
crocodile*

IF YOU'VE A CHRISTMAS CHEQUE that's not yet spent or otherwise bespoke you can't do better than invest it in crocodile. It's a skin that never seems to go out of fashion and the colours now obtainable—they range from pale to very deep browns and black—can add elegance to décor or personal appearance. Start by looking at the pieces from a French desk set in crocodile at Aspreys. Each is sold separately and colours are either black, gold or cedar. The blotter is lined with toning leather and has a cartridge spine of gilt, £78 10s. or £69 10s. Letter tray lined with leather has a two-sided frame of cartridge gilt, £33 10s. Inside it is a paper knife with crocodile handle inset with a magnifying glass, £7 10s. Flip-over memo pad has a gilt spine, £18 15s. Not shown are a stationery holder and rocker blotter. Also from Asprey's a briefcase in French dressed cedar crocodile, £86 10s., from a range of briefcases, each of individual design and colour, handmade and lined in toning leather. French crocodile handbag in a golden cedar brown with slim gilt engine-turned band in front has a wide base tapering towards the top, £121 10s. from a selection at Finnigans, New Bond St. Stone-coloured crocodile shoe from Charles Jourdan with a small looped tie on the throat and a stacked slim heel, 22 gns., also in black and nigger brown crocodile. Inside the shoe, a case to hold 20 cigarettes from a collection (some 10s, some 20s) made from the choicest, soft skins at Swaine, Adeney & Brigg, Piccadilly, in various colours, 25½ gns. From the famous French leather firm, Hermès, a black belt shaped and lined, with an ornate and heavy gilt buckle, £31. It can be made to order in a wide range of colours from pale gold to darkest brown at Faubourg St. Honoré, Jermyn Street. To keep your jewellery in, a luxury jewel roll in golden brown crocodile lined with fawn suède, £25 15s. Beside it, a chic clothes brush with a back of cedar crocodile. Price: £4 5s. Both at Finnigans, New Bond Street.







### The play

**The Duchess Of Malfi.** Aldwych Theatre. (Peggy Ashcroft, Eric Porter, Max Adrian, Patrick Wymark.)

### The films

**The World Of Suzie Wong.** Director Richard Quine. (William Holden, Nancy Kwan, Sylvia Syms, Michael Wilding.)

**Love & The Frenchwoman.** Director Hugo Benedek. (Martine Carol, Dany Robin, Robert Lamoureux, Anne Girardot, Paul Meurisse.)

**The Pure Hell Of St. Trinian's.** Director Frank Launder. (Cecil Parker, Joyce Grenfell, George Cole, Thorley Walters, Sally Bulloch.)

### The books

**Moments Preserved,** by Irving Penn. (Bodley Head, 5 gns.)

**Advice,** by Hilaire Belloc. (Harvill, 16s.)

**Eton,** by Christopher Hollis. (Hollis & Carter, 30s.)

**His & Hers,** Ed. Eric Duthie. (Heinemann, 21s.)

**I Was A Teenage Dwarf,** by Max Shulman. (Heinemann, 16s.)

**The New Skier,** by Frans Freund & Fulvia Campiotti. (Barker, 30s.)

### The records

**Change Of The Century,** by Ornette Coleman.

**A Modern Concept Of The Ballad,** by Teo Macero.

### The galleries

**The Age Of Charles II.** Royal Academy.

# VERDICTS

## ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

### The Duchess just makes it

MR. PETER HALL IS THE PRINCE Rupert of contemporary theatre management. He never rides but to conquer or to fall. His decision to open the Stratford-upon-Avon company's first London season with Webster's *The Duchess Of Malfi* was characteristic in its audacity. The great hope for this permanent company who are to be divided between Stratford and the Aldwych Theatre is that they will come by degrees to develop a style and a tradition of their own. A duller spirited manager, seeing that there has been no time yet for this to happen, would have thought it well that the actors should make their London debut in something safe. This is not Mr. Hall's way. He faced his company straightaway with an attempt to show how much life is still left in an old play which—even after Sir John Gielgud's brilliantly acted revival at the Haymarket just after the war—is apt to be written off as "a museum-classic, a curio for connoisseurs."

Luck is with Mr. Hall this time. His company—owing rather less to individual successes than to Mr. Donald McWhinnie's resolute and tenacious direction—get through the perilous undertaking, if only by the skin of their teeth. They may fairly be said to have made a favourable first impression.

The trouble with Webster is that while he impresses us with his dark vision of life, his way of expressing his vision strikes us as too obtrusively ingenious. His seemingly honest conviction is that the whole world is "a deep pit of darkness" horribly alive with creatures whose instincts are best studied in the course of violent action. When his

characters have done their worst to each other and are face to face with death Webster seems to entertain a faint but stubborn hope that they will be given some intimation of the starry reality of an unseen world to which they have never in life given a thought.

But superbly as these violent men and women die, their thought turns invariably backwards, not forwards. The only one with some mild assurance of a heaven waiting for her is the Duchess of Malfi, and even she, we feel, has given her dramatist no answer that really satisfies his passionate curiosity to know what is above the mist that overhangs the pit.

Webster's preoccupation with mortality and immortality gives his play a background of restless and malignant darkness shot through with some magnificent flashes of poetry and psychological insight. Yet today the story of a tyrannical duke trying to frighten his sister to death and having her strangled when her reason has resisted all the tortures that he can devise is bound to suffer from the plain failure of the horrors to horrify us. The severed hand thrust into hers under cover of darkness, the wax figures purporting to be her dead husband and children, even the masque of madmen have small theatrical effect now. Ingenuity in thinking up new thrills for his own audiences was Webster's foible, and it has long since recoiled against him. We are thrown back more than Jacobean audiences presumably were on the development of character, and this proceeds with an irregularity which suggests a musical or pictorial rather than a dramatic composition.

Dame Peggy Ashcroft as the Duchess in the Gielgud production was somewhat overshadowed by the tormented and tormenting Duke of Sir John and the tremendousness of the late Cecil Truncer's Bosola. Her miniature has gained in finesse, colour and power with the years, and whether radiantly in love or facing with fortitude and dignity "mortification by degrees" the heroine is now set firmly at the centre of the play. Mr. Eric Porter

is the tyrant Ferdinand, and the chief subtlety of his strong performance is the refusal to go an inch further than does Webster himself in suggesting that an incestuous passion runs through Ferdinand's intense frustrated cruelty to his sister.

Mr. Patrick Wymark comes creditably to grips with Bosola the cut-throat who through many mental disguisings comes in the end almost to recognition of his real self. Mr. Max Adrian is excellent as the ruthless Machievellian Cardinal who appraises the poverty of man's spirit with an unemotional, un-surprised eye, considering only how he can turn its weaknesses to his own advantage.



SPIES IN THE ORCHARD. Top: *Belch & Aguecheek* (Patrick Wymark & Richard Johnson) wait for *Malvolio* to fall into their trap. Above: *Olivia* declares her heart to the embarrassed *Viola* (Geraldine McEwan & Dorothy Tutin). From *Twelfth Night*, whose high comedy takes turn with *The Duchess Of Malfi* at the Aldwych

# ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

## A better World for Miss Chan

I FORGET HOW MANY MILLION people there are in Hong Kong, but it would appear from the fascinating location shots in *The World Of Suzie Wong* that the majority of them live in the streets. The story indicates that hordes of unmarried young Chinese women live on the streets, too: like Suzie (Miss Nancy Kwan), who has been plying for hire since the age of 10, they have the excuse that they are totally illiterate and know of no other way of earning a living. I suppose it would be stuffy to suggest that, at some time or other, they might take up cooking or sewing or basket-weaving: the film creates the impression that they have much too good a time entertaining the foreign visitors to want to try their hands at anything else.

Mr. William Holden, far too mature for the part, plays the young American who comes East to paint and discovers that the Hong Kong hotel in which he lands up is a brothel. Suzie, just one of the girls romping with the American sailors in the bar, falls for Mr. Holden and persistently importunes him (in scenes as tiresome as they are tasteless). Though he chooses her as his ideal model, Mr. Holden resolutely bans her from his bed on moral grounds.

He realizes in time (and what a time it seems) that no matter what she does with her body, her heart is as pure as a child's—and then he's all on her side against the cruel world. His disgust with Mr. Michael Wilding, a tired British businessman who hires Suzie as his mistress but refuses to break up his marriage and make an honest woman of her, is wonderful to behold—and rather surprising, too, in a compatriot of that horrid Lieutenant Pinkerton, who treated poor Butterfly so badly. Mr. Holden decides, as we always knew he would, to marry the girl himself. Well (forgive me if I yawn) jolly good luck to him.

Miss Kwan is a pretty creature and can walk with an air of innocence as well as a streetwalker's strut—but she has not a fraction of the personality radiated by Miss Jacqui Chan, self-described as "the skinny one": despite steel-rimmed spectacles and a grotesquely ill-fitting cardigan, she is, as Mr. Holden says, "a doll."

One turns with relief from the false sentimentality of *Suzie Wong's* world to the Gallic wit and wisdom



TROUBLE IN THE HOTEL. *Suzie* (Nancy Kwan) is removed struggling from the notorious *Nam Kok Hotel* by her true love (William Holden) after getting too literally to grips with a rival charmer. From *The World Of Suzie Wong*

of *Love And The Frenchwoman*—a delightful film comprising seven separate stories, all reflecting the healthy, if somewhat cynical, French attitude to sex. Though each episode has been made by a different director, the overall effect is perfectly harmonious: continuity is provided by enchanting little strip-cartoons and a dry linking commentary, fetchingly spoken in French-accented English by M. Jacques Brunius.

"Infancy" (directed by M. Henri Decoin) shows, with the utmost humour and delicacy, two working-class parents struggling to find the best way of explaining the facts of life to their six-year-old daughter. In "Adolescence" (directed by M. Jean Delannoy), a teenage girl dreams of a Prince Charming while experimentally kissing the local boys.

"Virginity" (directed by M. Michel Boisrond) has a teenage couple tremulously (and touchingly) embarking on their first affair. "Marriage" (directed by M. Rene Clair) hilariously presents a very young honeymoon couple—so keyed-up that they fall to quarrelling the moment they have bidden the wedding-guests goodbye.

Mlle. Dany Robin is delicious in "Adultery" (directed by M. Henri Verneuil) as a bored wife who is lured into infidelity by a practised seducer (M. Jean Paul Belmondo): Her wily businessman husband (M. Paul Meurisse) knows exactly how

to handle the situation so that the other fellow appears a cad and himself the most understanding of men.

In "Divorce" (directed by M. Christian-Jaque) Mlle. Annie Girardot and M. Francois are excellent as a couple whose marriage has grown so dull that they decide to part: a divorce on the most amicable terms is all they want—but just see if the lawyers will let them have it!

Mlle. Martine Carol has the title rôle in "A Woman Alone"—in which M. Robert Lamoureux gives a superbly brazen performance as a charmer who sponges on women: when accused of committing bigamy (11 times) and fraud, he claims, with dazzling insincerity, that he has always regarded it as his mission in life to make lonely women happy. Mlle. Silvia Monfort, as the rich but plain girl over whom he comes a cropper, nearly steals this episode from Mlle. Carol—but not quite: Mlle. Carol has developed into a considerable artist.

The film is packed with shrewd observation and is so airy and amusing and harmless, I really don't think the Censor need have given it an "X" certificate. See it, anyway.

The fiends from the fourth form are in fine fettle in Mr. Frank Launder's rollicking film, *The Pure Hell Of St. Trinian's*: this time they drive the men at the Ministry of Education (Messrs. Eric Barker and Thorley Walters) round the

bend by burning down the school.

As if this were not enough, the belles of the Sixth Form, for whom Mr. George Cole (extremely funny) runs a matrimonial agency, are kidnapped by a white-slave agent (Mr. Cecil Parker) and spirited away to the palace of an Arabian potentate. Miss Joyce Grenfell as the faint but pursuing policewoman, Mr. Raymond Huntley as a susceptible judge and Miss Irene Handl as a haywire headmistress help to make the whole thing tremendous fun.

# SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON BOOKS

## No marzipan from Mr. Penn

FROM TIME TO TIME A PHOTOGRAPHER comes along to make the whole business something rather more than a method of recording a pretty girl in a hat, or your double-exposed aunt on the beach at Frinton. Irving Penn is without any doubt one of the half-dozen living photographers who justify the use of the word art in connection with the cold little clicking eye. *Moments Preserved*, a superb and stunning selection of his pictures, says as much about the photographer as about his subjects. Penn is anything but a slice-of-life recorder. The intensely observed portraits, the dazzling, luminous still-lives, the solemn, speculative and dignified children, all speak of the introspective, brooding and tenderly ruthless eye that looked at them so searchingly and with



JULIET MCLEOD, the horse painter, some of whose best work is reproduced in *A Hundred Horses* (Seeley, Service, 3 gns.). Among the horses recorded are *Nimbus*, *Crepello*, *Sun Cap* and the fabulous *Tulyar*. Lord Willoughby de Broke writes a foreword



# The holiday shows

## Pantomimes

**CINDERELLA**, by Rogers & Hammerstein. Jimmy Edwards, Arthur Howard, Joan Heal, Gillian Lynne. (Adelphi Theatre, TEM 7611.)

**TURN AGAIN WHITTINGTON**. Norman Wisdom, Yana, Desmond Walter-Ellis. (London Palladium, GER 7373.)

**RIQUET WITH THE TUFT**, and grand Harlequinade. (Players' Theatre, TRA 1134.)

## Children's

**TOAD OF TOAD HALL**. Gerald Campion, Richard Goolden. (Westminster Theatre, VIC 0283.) To 21 January.

**EMIL & THE DETECTIVES**. John Bosch, Norman Seace, Gerard Menuhin, Mike Hall. (Mermaid Theatre, CTR 7656.) To 28 January.

**PETER PAN**. Julia Lockwood, Juliet Mills. (Scala, MUS 5731.) To 21 January.

**BILLY BUNTER'S SWISS ROLL**. Michael Anthony, Derek Sydney, Keith Marsh. (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317.) Matinees only. To 7 January.

**THE MISADVENTURES OF MR. PICKWICK**. (Unity Theatre, EUS 5391.) To 22 January.

**THE CORAL KING & THE PROVOKING OF PANTALOOON**. (Rudolph Steiner Hall, PAD 9967. Matinees, Wednesdays, 10.45 a.m.) To 12 January.

**THE IMPERIAL NIGHTINGALE**. (Arts Theatre, TEM 3334.) To 14 January.

## Circus

**BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS**. (Olympia, FUL 3333.) To 4 February.

## Ice show

**SNOW WHITE & THE SEVEN DWARFS ON ICE**. (Wembley Stadium, WEM 1234.)

## Ballet & light opera

**CINDERELLA**. Nerina, Seymour. (Royal Ballet, Covent Garden, COV 1066.) Three more performances to 7 January.

**THE NUTCRACKER**. Wright, Burr, Ferri, Richards. (Festival Ballet, Royal Festival Hall, WAT 3191.) To 14 January.

**GILBERT & SULLIVAN**. (Prince's Theatre, TEM 6596.) Season to 18 February.

**HOORAY FOR DAISY!**, by Julian Slade & Dorothy Reynolds. (Lyric, Hammersmith, RIV 5526.) To end of January.

## Shakespeare

**TWELFTH NIGHT**. Stratford Memorial Theatre Company. (Aldwych Theatre, TEM 6404.)

**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**. Douglas Campbell, Alee McCowen, Gwen Watford. (Old Vic, WAT 7616.) To mid-February.

## Crazy Gang

**YOUNG IN HEART**. (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317.)

## Films

**THE ALAMO**. John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Astoria, GER 5385.)

**LA DOLCE VITA**. Marcello Mastroianni, Anita Ekberg. (Columbia, REG 5414; & Curzon, GRO 3737.)

**THE PURE HELL OF ST. TRINIAN'S**. Cecil Parker, Joyce Grenfell. (Odeon, Marble Arch, PAD 8011.)

**THE MIRACLE**. Carole Baker, Roger Moore. (Warner, GER 3423.)

**THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON**. Disney film. (Studio One, GER 3300.)

**SOUTH PACIFIC**. Mitzi Gaynor, Rossano Brazzi, John Kerr, France Nuyen. (Dominion, MUS 2176.)

**THE BULLDOG BREED**. Norman Wisdom. (New Victoria, VIC 2544.)

**SOUTH SEAS ADVENTURE**. Cinerama. Producer Carl Dudley. (London Casino, GER 6877.)

**TUNES OF GLORY**. Alee Guinness, John Mills. (Odeon, Leicester Square, WIM 6111.)

such a troubling and grave intentness. Many of the pictures are enormously disturbing. Penn is the most courteous respecter of persons, yet many of his sitters appear to tell more than they mean to.

Every photograph is composed with hypercritical, perfectionist deliberation. After Penn, no one can again use his shadows, his curious trick of lopping the tops off heads, of isolating his sitters claustrophobically in corners, alone with a roll of carpet, several odd ends of string, and their whirling thoughts. No one ever saw model girls the way he has, emphasizing their implacable beauty and extraordinary contours until they become as lethal as exquisite Furies or figureheads blown in on a gale of war.

Perhaps the most memorable pictures in the collection are those making a sequence from Cuzco, a remote town in Peru. Timeless, mysterious and minatory, nobody could have imagined and realized the pictures that way but Penn. To look through his eyes is generally an unsettling experience. He won't charm or offer you a delicious piece of marzipan. But every picture is stamped with an indelible signature, and built to last.

Hilaire Belloc's *Advice* is so prettily printed in black and red that it is a pleasure to look at, besides being a forthright and sensible jottings-book on how, why and what to eat and drink. Sometimes dreadful things so appal the author he is bereft of speech ("A man who cuts salad is I know not what"), and sometimes he becomes maniacal and totally carried away, as when offering advice on how to make good old brandy out of Vile Stuff, first pouring it from the top of the stairs into a large bath, and later rolling it around in big glasses, "warming it with your hands and smelling at it like a dog." This trenchant small volume is illustrated with Belloc's own drawings, and surely there was never a man who rendered a more spirited sketch of a corkscrew.

What with everyone getting so agitated about Eton or Gordonstoun or wherever, now seems a likely moment to read Christopher Hollis's coolly sympathetic, entertaining and lightly learned *Eton*. It is by no means obligatory for Etonians to turn into cabinet ministers. At least one became a pirate, and in the early nineteenth century an Etonian, still at school, wrote a sizzling novel called *The White Nun, or the Black Bog of Dromore* (and then became a bishop, as might well have been expected).

In my late teens I loved anthologies, now they fill me with a sense of woe—all that panicky dashing from author to author lest boredom set in, all that merciless brio and eagerness to please, inform, fascinate, hypnotize, like a plain girl at a cocktail party over-compensat-

ing for dear life. (Perversely, I love the new line in anthology-autobiography, but that's something else again.) Maybe all sorts of fathers and mothers are going to dash out for *His & Hers* the bedside books Eric Duthie has designed for them in mind. Mr. Duthie says Mother can read hers aloud to Father and vice versa, and on the jackets there are the two tiny people busily browsing away in each other's personalized copies (why is the next-door pillow empty in each case?), so you can tell how unclear I am about the object of the enterprise. Still there's obviously a golden opportunity for *Ours, Mine, Yours* and *Its* still to come.

*I Was a Teenage Dwarf*, by Max Shulman, is such a splendid title that anything after would almost surely be an anticlimax. It is in fact a quite jolly and fashionably frenetic account of a sardonic, moderately nervous American juvenile and his quest for girls. . . . If you can learn to hunt by listening to recorded woof-woofs, I don't see why you shouldn't do a little paper-skiing with *The New Skier* by Frans Freund & Fulvio Campiotti which seems to me to be an enormously complicated collection of photographs of ladies and gentlemen with their toes turned agonizingly inward and then again outward or even upward, but might well make perfect sense to those even slightly accustomed to slithering down sloping snow.



Now free jazz  
takes over

BY A STROKE OF GOOD FORTUNE avoided making any rash predictions about the course of jazz during 1960. As a new year unfolds before us I predict that not more than one name in a hundred among the exponents of contemporary "modern" (for want of a better word) styles will survive in the public's eye at the end of the present decade.

To elaborate, I have taken the example of altoist Ornette Coleman, whose progressive approach to jazz improvisation seems to have earned him a great deal of acclaim on the western side of the Atlantic, to the extent that he has now become a figure in his own sphere. Many critics have heralded him as the logical successor to Charlie Parker, partly through stylistic resemblances, but mostly because they think it essential to promote

successors to the late "greats" in this era when new "greats" are so hard to find. I am sorry that Ornette has to operate under such embarrassing terms of reference.

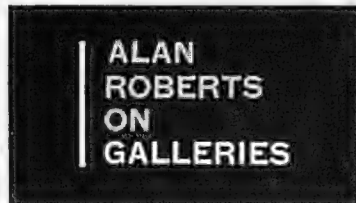
I find his *Change of the century* (SAH-K6099) quite incomprehensible to the lay mind. His gimmick is "free group improvisation," which seems to mean what it says. He leads a four-piece group through an astonishing progression of bop-based pieces, trotting out cliché after cliché in a shrill and rather breathless attack. One of his objects is to avoid the common use of ensemble passages which put each soloist on tenterhooks waiting to play his individual contribution before retiring into oblivion. Fundamentally Mr. Coleman fails to prove his point, as he only has one other horn on the session. Donald Cherry with his pocket trumpet.

I disagree with the leader's theory: "When . . . we start out to play we do not have any idea what the end result will be . . .", which presupposes more telepathy and rapport with his collaborators than even the most gullible listener could accept. The alternative possibility—that Coleman's audiences are content to wait to catch that moment when all the performers are in tune with each other, so that the self-imposed indiscipline reaches a culminating resolution. In any case the end product, when conceived in recording studio, is suspect.

Teo Macero's *Modern concept of the ballad* (32-113) is a more illuminating example of jazz progress today. I was able to strike up more than nodding acquaintance with Teo during my Newport trip in 1959, when I came away impressed with his broad outlook on music, without realizing that he is highly thought of as a classical composer. In this album he blows a very cool tenor sax, backed by a strong rhythm team, with Mal Waldron's recorded piano style prominent. Teddy Charles supplies a subtle and well-balanced vibraphone part.

There is lucid construction and a

touch of M.J.Q. influence in these ballads, which are not entirely bound by convention. Perhaps their preoccupation in being different prevents the music from taking off and swinging as it should do, but there is much to commend in the harmonic and rhythmic forms adopted by the composers and arrangers. Let Mr. Coleman have the last word—"People . . . don't trust their reactions to music unless there is a verbal explanation . . . the only thing that matters is whether you feel it or not." Next week I shall go into voluntary retirement, as there is obviously nothing left to say about jazz!



## Little art but many pictures

WAS NELL GWYNN ANAEMIC? DID Charles II suffer from dyspepsia? Was there a general tendency towards exophthalmic goitre among ladies of the Carolean Age?

I don't ask these questions in the hope of, or even the wish for, answers. They are simply a few of the questions that occurred to me involuntarily as I walked around the Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy this week. And they are repeated here merely to indicate the nature of one of the more oblique of the many approaches that might be made to this giant exhibition, about which the first thing to be made clear is that it is not primarily an exhibition of "art."

Marking the tercentenary of the Restoration, it is broad enough in its appeal to demand half a dozen visits, and it is likely to prove more rewarding if the approach to it is

made historically, scientifically, or even horologically, than if it is made too "artistically."

That much-publicized painting of *Eleanor (Nell) Gwynn*, by Simon Verelst, for instance, may be very revealing to the medical approach (how come that a young woman who, reputedly, spent most of her time in her birthday suit, has such an unhealthily etiolated skin?) but it isn't a very good painting. In fact, if we are looking for great painting this is neither the place nor the age for it.

Charles II had little of his father's refined taste or genuine enthusiasm for the arts. Nor had he a Van Dyck, beside whom the principal portrait painters of the restored Court—Lely, Kneller and Michael Wright—were little better than fashionable likeness-makers for whom their sitters posed and postured like stars of an opulent theatre.

Much more interesting than the works of these three now at Burlington House are the tiny masterpieces of the miniaturist Samuel Cooper who, although his customers were mostly the same as those who patronized the portraitists, often succeeded in condensing into a few square inches of vellum more character than was to be found in yards of their canvases. Cooper's skill and fame were so great that, Vicar of Bray-like, he was admired and commissioned by Parliamentarians and Royalists alike. And here, included in the greatest collection of his works—63 of them—ever seen together, are telling portraits of both Charles and Cromwell.

Perhaps it is not so odd as it may at first seem, that the pictures in the exhibition are less evocative of the period than are many of the other exhibits—furniture, silver, glass, ceramics, scientific instruments—assiduously collected from stately homes all over the country. (There are, I am told, some 40 direct descendants of Charles II among the lenders. But the number of his mistresses portrayed on the

walls has not, so far as I am aware, been calculated.)

A magnificent silver wine cistern that must hold 30 or 40 gallons is somehow far more symbolic of "wantonness and profusion" among top people of the time than any portrait of a silk-clad, painted lady could be. And although it has been impossible to show fully the "excesses of superfluity" in interior decoration to which, according to Evelyn, Charles's "politer way of living" inevitably led, this may well be imagined by allowing our fancy to play around the more lavish pieces of furniture—the massive silver framed mirror and silver-topped table lent by the Queen, for instance, or the several japanned cabinets on fantastically ornate silvered stands.

In the design of both furniture and silverware an astonishing proliferation of ornament during the decade and a half between 1670 and 1685 resulted finally in something dangerously close to the ultimate vulgarity of Victorian production. Yet this was, in case we are in danger of forgetting it, also an age of scientific enlightenment. And in glass cases at Burlington House now there are, just to prove it, Isaac Newton's reflecting telescope, "Roger North's Box of Mathematical Instruments" and, among many other ingenious devices, an adding machine invented in 1666 and described as "a new and most useful instrument for addition and subtraction of pounds, shillings, pence and farthings; without charging the memory, disturbing the mind, or exposing the operator to any uncertainty."

It is a fascinating show but inevitably, in spite of its extent, tells only half the story of a teeming, paradoxical age. As the scholarly catalogue points out, Purcell, Wren and Dryden are represented only by their portraits, Bunyan and Milton are missing altogether. And the British working man is no more than a midget sliding on the ice of a frozen Thames or fleeing from the flames of a blazing city.

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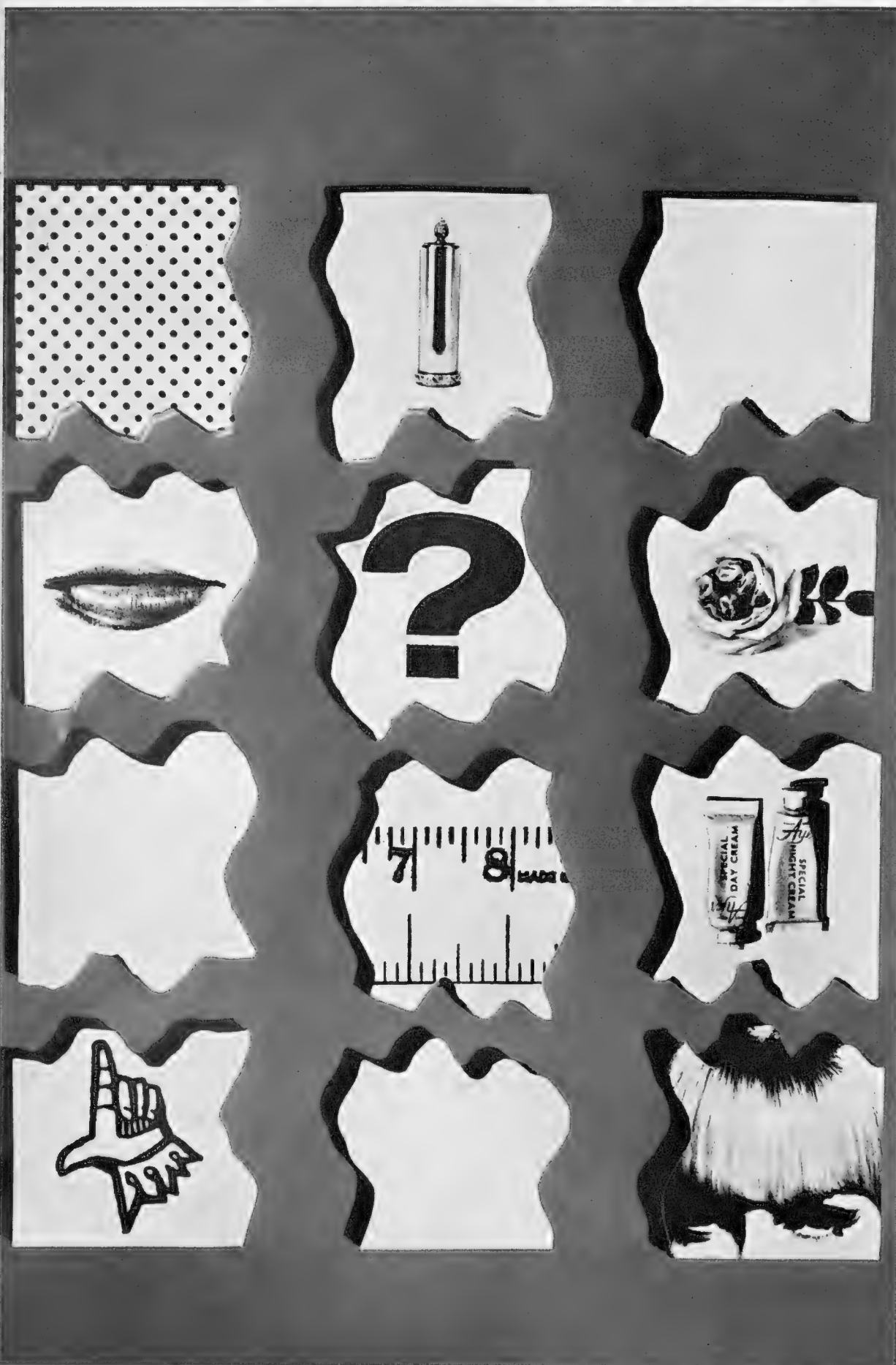
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# PREDICTIONS!



Cautious Cassandras don't prophesy so soon before the collections, but New Year is a heady time, so caution can get out of my way. Here then is how I put the picture together. The skies of late January will be lightened by a new colour—Elizabeth Arden's **Peace Rose**, a chameleon that glossily reflects both pink and gold. That looks especially pretty worn with **Pearly Green** eye-shadow, which is due to make its début in stick form from February. But Miss Arden is hatching new plans and Peace Rose is a pretty but portentless accessory to fill in before summer. . . . Odds are in favour of a heavy straight-ish fringe to mark a point in the transition to even shorter hair (mark Vidal Sassoon's sample alongside). . . . The pendulum is swinging towards brown again with a wintery brighter hue for lips (Charles of the Ritz and Dior both have brownprints, and Dior also has a pale and pure azalea pink called 22). But a brownish skin may compete with a translucent grey tone robbed of any blue in it—*see* Lancôme's **Cendre** powder and **Maquillage**. . . . 1961 will be marked as the year that fell to **Ultima** by Revlon who have brought a new and exciting attitude to make-up. Startling changes occur on problem-skin, unshapely faces when **Ultima** is used intelligently. A detailed discussion will come later when anyone, anywhere can buy it—on sale now exclusively at Harrods. Predicted to be the most exciting thing to happen for faces since the first lipstick. . . . A prediction for sensitive skins: Harriet Hubbard Ayer's **Special** range in pale hydrangea blue and mixed in a non-allergic formula will solve their problem. Includes a day cream to go under make-up, night cream to nourish, bracing lotion, milky cleanser and a protective lip base. There'll be a rush for **Hard'n Fast** for drying nail polish in a flash, preserving impeccable nails and aiding the frail, breaking kind (12s. 6d. at Marshall & Snelgrove). It really works. . . . 1961 will be a year for slimmers and there's going to be a crush at the Town & Country Health Club in Beauchamp Place when the word gets around. There the machines are strictly jet-age. Membership costs 25 gns. a year and allows you to go in any time and just sit in the sun room acquiring a tan if you don't feel like slimming. (Knightsbridge 7702)



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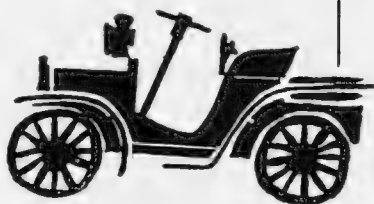
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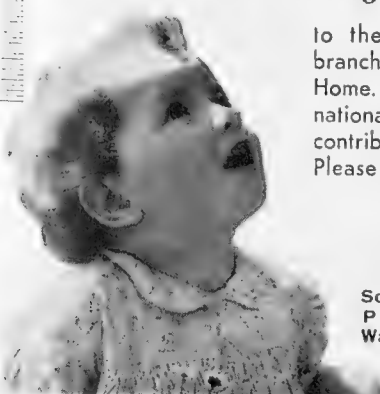


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## DINING IN

Helen Burke

### New tricks for old birds

WHEN GOOD FOOD IS EXPENSIVE WE tend to cook it in the simplest way. For instance, we generally grill or roast the tender cuts of meat and young poultry and game. We are less concerned with the so-called "cheaper" cuts and the older birds, both domestic and game. These can be as tender and full of flavour as the more costly ones—but they must have long, slow cooking to break down their tougher fibres. They also need special flavours added in the form of root vegetables and herbs.

The pheasant season will soon end. Though most of the birds obtainable are now a little old for roasting, they do make delicious game pies—and ordinary short crust

pastry is the ideal one in which to encase them.

One good-sized cock pheasant will be enough for 4 good servings. Get it fairly fresh, remembering that the flavour of an enclosed bird will be intensified. I would say that one hung for 4 to 5 days would be about right.

**PHEASANT PIE.** Disjoint the bird and pull off the skin. Melt 2 oz. butter in a strong pan and fry the pieces all over in it to a nice warm tone. Remove the pieces. Add to the pan a sliced onion and a sliced carrot and cook for a minute or two to colour them. Add 1 pint boiling water, a *bouquet garni*, a teaspoon of tomato purée, a little salt, freshly-

milled pepper to taste and the pieces of pheasant. Cover tightly and simmer together for 35 minutes.

Meanwhile, make short pastry in the usual way with 4 oz. lard, 7 to 8 oz. self-raising flour, a good pinch of salt and enough cold water to make a pliable dough. Have ready a pie-dish—just the size in which the pheasant pieces can be heaped well up to support the crust. Line the bottom and sides of it with thin slices of bacon or cooked ham. Arrange the pieces in the dish.

Reduce the stock in the pan. Away from the heat, stir into it a heaped teaspoon of cornflour blended with 2 tablespoons of cold water. Cook for a few minutes, cool a little then add a small glass of sherry. Taste and, if necessary, season further. Pour the sauce over the pheasant and leave to cool.

From the rolled-out pastry, cut a top piece for the pie a little larger than the size of the dish, and outside it a long, narrow strip. Carefully, so as not to stretch the pastry, lay this strip on the wetted rim of the dish and dampen its top. Lift the rest of the pastry on the rolling-pin, place it on top of the dish and press the edges together. Trim off excess pastry this way: Hold the dish in one hand and remove the pastry with a sharp knife, slanting from the

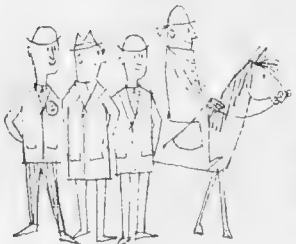
rim towards the bottom of the dish.

Next, make short, sharp horizontal strokes all round the pastry rim and, with the tip of the knife, draw in the pastry at intervals of 1 to 1½ inches. Cut a couple of crosses on top of the pastry. Brush with a little beaten egg and bake for 1 hour at 400 deg. F. or gas mark 6. If the pastry begins to colour too much, cover it with a folded piece of greaseproof paper.

To make the pie go a little further, ½ lb. small white mushrooms, tossed in a little butter, can be inserted between the pieces of pheasant. And 2 to 3 quartered hard-boiled eggs are by no means out of place in a game pie—to extend it still further.

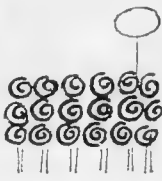
Readers have been asking me for a recipe for a Coffee Mousse of the same texture as the popular chocolate one. For long enough, I have thought about this—then, suddenly, the "penny dropped" and I made one comparable, I think, with the chocolate variety, but a little sweeter. Here is the experiment, for the first time as far as I know.

**COFFEE MOUSSE:** For 4 to 5 servings, break 5 oz. milky (white) chocolate into a fair-sized pan. Blend together 1 dessertspoon Continental style coffee powder (Nestlé's) and a tablespoon of very hot water. Add to the chocolate



## MAN'S WORLD

David Morton



TROUSERS, LIKE NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS, take a deal of keeping up. To my mind it's a problem that has never been properly solved though in fact male ingenuity has devised five separate and distinct methods of trouser suspension—two of them admittedly panic measures. I list them for swift reference: by belt, by braces, by means of a half-belt buckling at the sides, by breath control or by keeping the hands permanently in the trouser pockets. The first three have mixed advantages and disadvantages and the other two are obviously difficult to sustain over long periods. Nobody has solved the problem finally—I can only review the possibilities and the difficulties and hope that some reader will think of something new.

Tailors, who *never* take off their waistcoats or jackets, say a man must wear braces or be consigned to outer darkness. They have much right on their side; braces are a nice solution of a physical problem. They allow infinite adjustment of height in the trouser and dispose the weight over the trape-

zoid muscles which can manage splendidly, thank you. There is a logic in their geometry: the buttons are grouped in pairs equidistant round the waistband, not entirely to avoid disaster if one should break but to support the waistband at two points and so make it hang level. Partly for this reason I deplore those braces that end in three savage crocodile clips; the waistband is then pulled up at three points in sudden peaks and the cloth slowly frays.

Braces are essential if you would wear the straight bottomed waistcoat which is getting daily more popular. As this ends at the waist, the waistband may show under it if a belt is worn. Men with low waists, that is, a long body and shortish legs, should wear braces as a matter of course as their waistline can be raised to a more normal division. And fat men should adopt them too; if there is little waist to hang on, a belt will slip down, rather like a piece of string tied round the widest part of an egg. Most trousers made to wear braced

have two peaks at the back, bringing the buttons two inches or so above the waistband: this seems to allow waisted clothes to fit properly without the bulge of buttons.

In this weather it is hard to remember the summer need to relax in shirt sleeves, and the choice between displaying braces, wearing a light waistcoat or adopting a belt, is a personal matter. Braces makers are helping by producing attractive designs that are as decorative as a tie. Thurston of London make the most comfortable of braces in coloured felt, with an elastic inset at the back fork—red, light and dark blue, bottle green, canary yellow—with twisted gut ends, leather tabs and brass clips, for 35s. 6d. Most good outfitters supply them. Noble Jones of 12 Burlington Arcade have some all-elastic braces, printed with sporting patterns, including a specially nice hunting design. If you are interested in fishing you might like the salmon pink pre-Raphaelite nymph disporting herself beside a lily-pool. The braces are reported excellent for the tropics and I was shown a pair that had been worn solidly for eight years with the elastic still in good shape. 29s. 6d. John Michael have some adventurous designs including medals, and thin evening braces in a choice of leathers. These are interesting as the two strands join only four inches below the collar; this forces the front bands out towards the shoulders so that they do not show

when your dinner jacket is open, and also tend to keep the shirt in place.

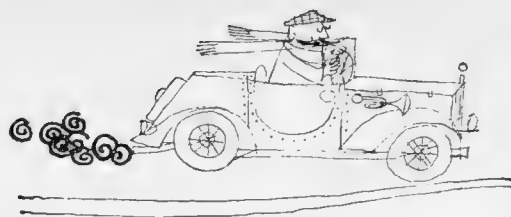
Belts and half-belts have this much in common—the trousers must fit well to start with. Constriction at the waist can do little but keep the waistband in position. If the trousers are too wide at the waist a belt will only cause pleats where they should never be. Neither can the height of the trousers be adjusted as is possible with braces. An advantage is that the pressure of a belt tends to stop a shirt riding up, especially if sponge or woven rubber is sewn on inside the waistband. With half-belts, which usually consist of an inch wide band of cloth and an elastic inset channelled through the back of the waistband and fastened at the side, only a limited amount of adjustment is possible—perhaps only enough to provide relief after lunch. This is true however elaborate the system of fastening may be, buttons, buckles or zip fasteners. As far as I know, no manufacturer has tried the Velcro burr-type fastening. A system using a clip on a plastic rack seems to allow as much adjustment as possible; buttons allow least of all and are rarely sewn on properly, and the whole half-belt system seems fundamentally unsound as nearly all systems rely on elastic and dry cleaning pretty soon ruins that.

It seems almost impossible to buy a good British made belt. Wide, inflexible leather, unfinished at the edges seems endemic, the holes are



## MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins



### The women who helped to make car history

and stir over a very low heat until the mixture is smooth. Beat in 4 egg yolks, one at a time, beating each in thoroughly before adding the next. (You can then add a teaspoon of rum, if you like.)

Whisk the egg whites until they hold a peak but not, however, until they are dry. Fold them over and over in the other mixture, making sure that the bottom of the latter is well incorporated.

Turn the mousse into 4 to 5 glasses and chill in the refrigerator for 2 hours. On top of each, drop a few chopped blanched almonds or nuts or, as I prefer, chopped cashew nuts, because of their lovely pale green colour.

The most unexpected places and buckles are clumsy and often rough enough to fray any material by touch. Fortunately several firms are importing good Continental or American belts; Louis Vuitton Hermès in Piccadilly will have leather belts of calf, crocodile or alligator ranging from £10 to 21 guineas if you feel you must solve the problem at any cost. Smart Weston, Cecil Beaton and John Michael all have something interesting to offer, but at a less exclusive perhaps but not quite so dear.

Still at waist height, a corpulent man should ask for his trousers to be fitted with something called a French bearer flap. This is a triangular tab running from the right hand fly edge to button inside the left hand waistband. It gives quite a lot of hindrance to middle age spreading. For those who loathe belts, braces and every other constrictor, a suit was shown by the International Wool Secretariat at the Savoy two years ago: waistcoat and trousers were a single unit, joined for three-quarters of the waistline, and each opening normally at the front. One stepped into this suit like an overall, zipped up the fly front, buttoned the waistcoat. No belt, no braces, nothing up the sleeve. I don't know what happens if you stoop to tie your shoelace—after all braces are elastic and give slightly—and I don't really care. At least it's a new approach and we can always use those.

WE TEND to think of the top jobs in the motor industry as the preserve of tough enterprising males, with strong nerves. But there have been a number of women who made their mark in this risky industry. The most recent I can recall was Miss Alice Fenton who was Home Sales Director of Jaguar cars until her death a short time ago, and I have been reading about some others in Lord Montagu's *Lost Causes of Motoring* (Cassell, 30s.).

He paid tribute for example to the remarkable business ability of Mrs. Messenger (formerly Miss Gladys Starkey) who did much to ensure the survival of the various enterprises which began with the fast and clean-cut Invicta with its neat-edged radiator and rows of rivets along the bonnet. After the Invictas came the Railtons, and the Fairmile motorboats used for coastal patrols during the war. The Railtons made a great reputation for terrific acceleration and effortless high-speed performance, but dollar shortages ultimately put an end to the import of the engine and chassis parts from Hudson in the U.S.A.

Another woman who had a great part in building up the reputation of the Invicta was Miss Violet Cordery, later Mrs. Hindmarsh, who won a race at Brooklands in one as early as 1925, then set up new world records for 10,000 and 15,000 miles at Monza. She won the Dewar Trophy with an R.A.C.-observed 5,000 mile trial at 70 m.p.h. average, drove an Invicta round the world and in 1929 was one of the drivers who covered 30,000 miles in 30,000 minutes in a 4½-litre tourer.

But much earlier than either of these was Miss Dorothea Pullinger who ran a factory for Arrol Johnston in the days when female emancipation was still very incomplete. Her father, T. C. Pullinger, had worked for years in the French motor industry, and when he took over as general manager of Arrol Johnston in 1909 he brought with him his daughter who then spoke no English at all. The factories at Paisley and Dumfries passed through many vicissitudes, and made too many different models. After the First World War a new small car, the Galloway, was launched. It was built in a former aero-engine factory at Tongland, Kirkeudbright. Production was supervised by Miss Pullinger and many of the workers were women.

Down at Maidenhead there used to be a factory making the Marendaz Special, a rather nice looking sports car which looked like a baby Bentley. The one I remember best was a short-chassis white two-seater driven with tremendous vigour in trials and rallies by the cheerful wife of a London dentist with her husband as navigator. They had a small son who was doing quite well with his pony in jumping contests and a little girl who was just learning to ride. The children are now known as Stirling and Pat Moss.

Not far away, at Staines, there was another small sports car factory which was owned by a woman, Miss "Midge" Wilby who built Atalanta cars. I covered a fair mileage in a blue two-seater Atalanta with a Lincoln V-12 engine and it was a very nice car, with a genuine maximum 100 m.p.h. It was one of the first sports cars with independent rear

suspension and it worked well, but it had a curious trick of lifting itself up at the back when one applied the hand-brake and settling down gently when it was released. I also drove one of the three Atalantas which won the team prize in a Welsh rally.

A postwar venture by a woman into car manufacture which does not come within the scope of Lord Montagu's book was Miss Daphne Arnott's endeavour to break into the sports racing car market. It ended when the prototype, built at her garage in North London, crashed during practice for a Le Mans race.

Now that Leyland are taking over Standard-Triumph it is interesting to recall that they once made splendid 8-cylinder cars. Their chief engineer was the great Parry Thomas who raced his own Leyland Thomas (called the "flat iron" from its ultra-low build) at Brooklands, and died at Pendine trying for the world land speed record. His assistant, Reid Railton, later designed John Cobb's car which still holds the land speed record. The present chairman, Sir Henry Spurrier, son of Leyland's founder, was personal pilot to the first Lord Montagu in India during the First World War, and later gave him a high speed demonstration of Leyland capabilities along the winding roads near Beaulieu. Once again a woman appears in the story: Mrs. "Bill" Wisdom, mother of the present rally champion, Ann Wisdom, who set a new ladies' record at Brooklands lapping in one of the famous Leyland Thomas cars at 121.47 m.p.h. in 1932.

Those were the days of lively competitions between several brilliant women in British motor racing. "Bill" Wisdom, Kay Petre who lapped faster than most men in mighty monsters so big that she could scarcely be seen in them, and Margaret Allan, now wife of Christopher Jennings a director of Trust Houses and until recently Editor of *The Motor*.

But there was another woman in motor racing long before them, during the great days which have been so brilliantly brought to life in the recent Shell film *The Heroic Age*. This film, patiently assembled from contemporary newsreel material, covers the first terribly dangerous period from the Paris-Vienna of 1902 to the outbreak of war in 1914. There was a woman racing then—Madame du Gast. She was an all-round sportswoman and actually drove in the dreadful Paris-Madrid of 1903 which produced so many casualties that it was stopped at Bordeaux. When the race was abandoned she was placed 45th in the big car class ahead of seven men.

You can see a picture of her at the wheel of her Dietrich in another recent book about the earlier days of motoring, *Motor Racing Memories 1903-1921* by W. F. Bradley (Motor Racing Publications, 25s.). As a young man, Bradley reported on the Paris-Madrid, following it on a bicycle and now, well over 80, he is still writing about motoring. Sprightly and rosy-cheeked, he recently came up from the Mediterranean sunshine to brave the London fogs so that the Guild of Motoring Writers could show their appreciation of this book by presenting him with the Harold Pemberton Memorial Trophy at their annual dinner.



## Engagements

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YEVONDE

**Miss Diana Durnford-Slater to Mr. Simon John Anstey.** *She is the daughter of Admiral Sir Robin & Lady Durnford-Slater, of Admiralty House, Chatham. He is the only son of Brig. John Anstey, of Epperstone*

YEVONDE

**Miss Judith Marshall to Mr. Simon Boscawen.** *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. G. G. Marshall, of Horsheath Lodge, Linton, Cambridgeshire. He is the son of Major J. P. T. & Lady Mary Boscawen, of West Clandon*

PHILIP TOWNSEND

**Miss Maxine Mhari Brodrick to Mr. Richard Charles Tunstall Redmayne.** *She is the elder daughter of Capt. & Mrs. George Brodrick, of Eastwell Park, Ashford, Kent. He is the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. John Redmayne, of Ducketts Farm, Saffron Walden*



MICHAEL CRANLEY

**Miss Ann Duncombe Shafto to Mr. Brian Kenneth Peppiatt.** *She is the younger daughter of Major E. D. Shafto, of Aldeburgh, and of Countess Howe, of Curzon Street, W.1. He is the younger son of Sir Kenneth & Lady Peppiatt, of Longdens, Knotty Green, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire*



**Herbert—Brain:** Dr. Elizabeth Ann Herbert, daughter of Sir Edwin & Lady Herbert, of Tangleway Way, Blackheath, near Guildford, Surrey, was married to Dr. Michael Cottrell Brain, son of Sir Russell Brain, Bt., & Lady Brain, of Hillmorton, Coombe Hill Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield



**Saint—Hubble:** Gillian, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Stafford Eric Saint, of Sunnyside, Iwer, Buckinghamshire, was married to John Clifford, son of Mr. & Mrs. Clifford Hubble, of Pilfolds, Christ's Hospital, Horsham, Sussex, at St. George's, Hanover Square

## Weddings

**Clarke—Sellers:** Rosemary Lissett, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. P. Clarke, of Somerled, Watford Road, Radlett, Hertfordshire, was married to Paul Malin, son of Lord Justice & Lady Sellers, of Highwood Lodge, Mill Hill, at Christ Church, Radlett



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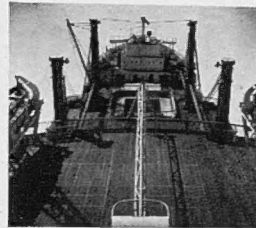
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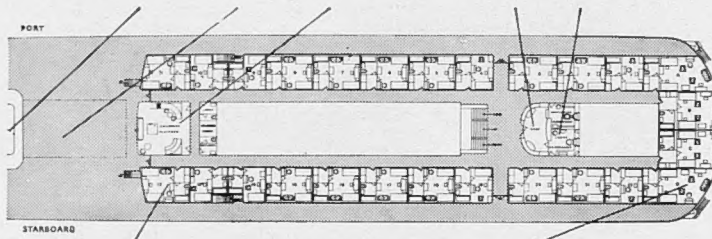
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